JOHN BULL, JUNE 10, 1939. VOL. LXV. 1721

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

If your hair disobeys orders—

BRYLCREEM

makes a *tidy* difference!

BRYLCREEM
ABSOLUTELY FREE FROM GUM. IT IMPARTS A SPLENDID GLOSS TO THE HAIR. IT FIXES IT IN ANY DESIRED POSITION IT NEVER "FLAKES" THE HAIR.
The County Perfumery Co
Manufacturing Chemists
London and Paris
1/-

In bottles and tubes 1/-

Larger bottles, 1/6, 1/9, 2/6

At all Chemists and Hairdressers

Also use BRYLFOAM—*the best shampoo in a tube—price Sixpence*

The County Perfumery Company, North Circular Road, West Twyford, London, N.W.10

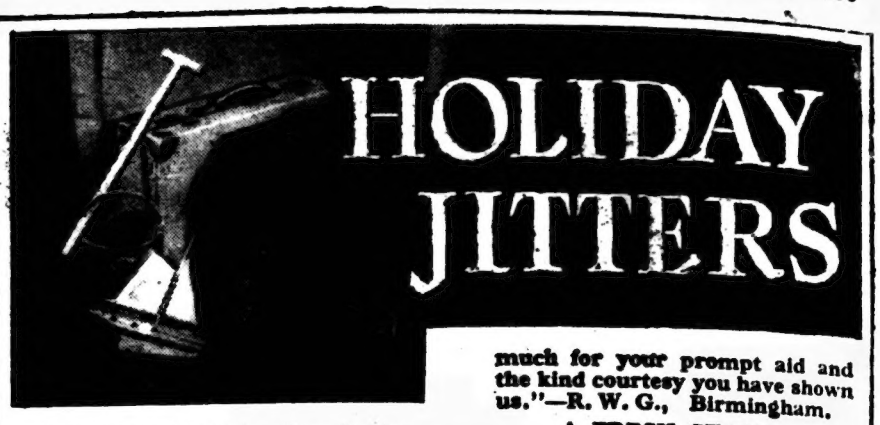
"It's no good asking HIM..."

● ● ● He never knows *anything*. . . . I don't know why we asked him to join us. . . ." Do people say things like that about *you*? Are you a "back number" when the conversation turns to interesting topics—the international situation—the Empire—politics—films—plays—books? Are you silent when your friends ask your views on the events of the week? You needn't be. For every Thursday comes "News Review," terse, vividly-written—giving the "inside story" of every important happening of the week—the "news behind the news"—what is happening in the totalitarian States—the Empire, the cinema, the theatre—the Royal Family. Not a single event is missed by "News Review's" brilliant, impartial searchlight. No need to feel left out of the conversation—with "News Review" you can be "in the know"—not occasionally—but *always*.

WATCH "News Review" for inside information on:—Politics Abroad ● The Empire ● Business and Finance ● The Cinema The Theatre ● Art and Science ● Radio ● Controversial Problems ● Travel ● Sport ● The Royal Family ● Medicine

NEWS REVIEW

EVERY THURSDAY



HOLIDAY JITTERS—those lurking, nagging thoughts that ruin so many holidays—"Did I close all the windows?" "Did I make sure the water was turned off?" "Did I close the front door securely?" Nag, nag, doubts, doubts, scattering the carefree holiday spirit!

Don't let holiday jitters spoil your holiday this year. Close your mind to the nagging thoughts.

Ensure an absolutely carefree holiday by registering for "JOHN BULL'S" Great Free Family Insurance Gift. Your precious possessions that mean home to you will be safeguarded against the many common risks.

And remember—there are the pleasures of your holidays, too, such as boating and bathing, which harbour risks and dangers covered by "JOHN BULL'S" Free Family Insurance Gift.

"JOHN BULL" is still the *only paper in the world* to safeguard your home against damage by Fire, Storm, Flood and Tempest, and to pay Sickness Benefit.

In addition, "JOHN BULL" pays generous benefits for loss by Burglary, Accidents while Boating or Bathing, Accidents in the Home and Garden, on the Sports Field and Children's Accidents, etc.

HOLIDAY CONCESSION.

Registered readers will continue to enjoy the full protection of "John Bull's" Free Family Insurance Gift while on holiday anywhere in the British Isles, if they can show that they bought the paper while away, and that before leaving home they instructed their newsagent to resume delivery immediately upon their return.

If you have not yet registered for this Security Gift, do so now on the Forms below.

£923 PAID LAST WEEK.

Last week alone, "John Bull" distributed no less than £923/10/6 to registered readers or their dependants as follows:

Household and Sickness Benefits...	£154	10	6
Accident Benefits—Adults	£632	0	0
Children's Accidents ...	£137	0	0
	£923	10	6

READERS WRITE TO "JOHN BULL."

Here are extracts from just a few of the many letters that "John Bull" receives daily from readers who have received "John Bull's" practical assistance in times of misfortune.

PROMPT AID.

"May I thank you for cheque received to-day. I thank you very much for your prompt aid and the kind courtesy you have shown us."—R. W. G., Birmingham.

A FRESH START.

"Having received your cheque for claim against fire it has given me fresh hope to make a fresh start and eased my worried mind more than I can put into words. I had no idea where I was going to be able to replace my home after the bulk of it had been destroyed by fire."—C. O. R., Ossett.

FAIR DEALING.

"I should like to express my gratitude and appreciation on receiving your cheque. I was greatly impressed with the prompt way in which my case was dealt with. Once again thanking you for your fair dealings."—A. F., Dewsbury.

GRATEFUL THANKS.

"I wish to tender grateful thanks for your cheque received last week under your Free Insurance benefit.

"Had we not registered two weeks previous we should not have been able to get another home together at our new address. Thanking you."—G. R. B., Worthing.

"JOHN BULL" YOUR SHIELD OF SECURITY.

"John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift provides a shield of security for home and family that is second to none.

This great security gift is absolutely unique. The bread-winner, his wife, his children and all those precious possessions that mean home, are given protection that makes for a happy home life, free of doubt and anxiety.

To enjoy the great feeling of security which "John Bull's" Free Family Insurance Gift inspires is to be able to face the future confidently, enjoy life as it comes without fear of what may be round the corner, and to think that this is possible simply by using the Registration Forms which appear below! To gain so much from such a simple step makes the taking of that step well worth while. The relief that will be felt as soon as these Registration Forms have been utilised will be tremendous.

The knowledge that there is an assured helping hand for you in times of misfortune is something that is beyond all price. Remember, "John Bull's" Great Family Insurance Gift is *free*!

Register for this unique Free Family Insurance NOW. Fill up the Forms below *to-day*!

"JOHN BULL," THE ONLY PAPER TO PAY FIRE, STORM, FLOOD & SICKNESS BENEFITS.

SIGN TO-DAY

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to Your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

.....

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 10/6/39.

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull," Registration Department, 12b, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....

Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.

.....

.....

Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A Certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 10/6/39.

CARPET BARGAINS

9/11

This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/-, carr. 1/- extra, we will forward direct from our looms one of our "Wonderful" Remnants REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN CARPETS. Suitable for Dwelling, Dining and Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered, in 30 Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Green, Brown, Blue, Rose and Art Colourings to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary-sized room. They are made of material equal to wool and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms, saving purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands repeat Orders. With every Carpet we absolutely give away a handsome Rug to match. SPECIAL OFFER: 2 carpets, 2 Rugs and 2 door mats for 20/- Carriage Paid. Cash or C.O.D. F. HODGSON & SONS (J.B.) Weedley Road, Leeds.

Illus. Bargain Catalogue post free.

Free Competition for readers OF JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

WHICH IS THE BEST BARGAIN HERE?

Merely state on a postcard which advertisement in this week's "JOHN BULL'S" "Shop Window" you consider offers the best bargain and the reason why. For the best 12 replies we offer

12 SURPRISE PRIZES

Write name and address in BLOCK LETTERS, and address to Manager, John Bull Postal Bargains, 57/59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Replies should not exceed 50 words. Any number of attempts on separate cards may be sent and there is no entrance fee.

The decision of the Advertisement Director will be final and legally binding. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with this competition. Last day for entries, Wed., June 14th.

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 20.

SOUTH WESTERN

GARDEN SHEDS from 2/- down
GARAGES from 5/- down
LEAN-TO SHEDS from 2/- down
IN DEAL OR CEDARWOOD
WRITE FOR CATALOGUE
DELIVERED FREE ENG. & WALES

SOUTH WESTERN APPLIANCE CO. LTD.
Dept. S Hugon Road Fulham S.W.6 Tel Ful 1121

FREE BUILDINGS

Also 5/- in £ REDUCTION. Write for full details. Buildings in sections. Easily bolted. On approval. Prompt despatch. Carr. Paid. FREE Catalogues:

GARAGES	£2 0
GARDEN SHEDS	£2 5
GREENHOUSES	£2 10
HEATERS	£2 15
AVIARIES	£2 2
ARMY HUTS, ETC.	£3 10

THORNS LTD

(Dept. 23), Brampton Road, BEXLEYHEATH, KENT. MANCHESTER OFFICE: (Dept. 23), 28, CORPORATION ST.

SAVE £8

2 YEARS to PAY

TERMS FROM 1/9 WEEKLY. A genuine bargain opportunity to obtain a famous make of Accordion, AT HALF MARKED LIST PRICES. PAOLO SOPRANI, ANTONIO ROCCA.

Call or send for Illustrated Catalogue and full details. Limited quantity only. AGENTS WANTED.

(Dept. J.B.), PUNICA LTD., REMO HOUSE, 310, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1

Telephone: Langham 1412.

1 WAY BEDCHAIR

FULL SIZE

Easy Chair Lounge Chair Full-length Bed Fire-side Seat

17/6

69 in. long when extended, 23in. wide. Solid oak, 3 velvet cord cushions any colour; turned legs, spring seat. Call and inspect or send for new coloured Catalogue J. Cash or 1/- weekly H.P. Carriage Paid home, Eng., Scot. and Wales. 2/6.

NORTH BUCKS DIRECT TRADING CO., LTD.
62, Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly Circus, London, W.1

MOTORISED CYCLES

READY TO RIDE AWAY FROM 3/9 A WEEK

GET YOU THERE WITHOUT EFFORT. Easily handled and extremely economical for business and pleasure. All charges included in our scheme whereby you can ride away for only 3/9 weekly. Cash Price from £17 17s. 0d. FREE INSTRUCTION AND TUITION. Generous allowance on your present cycle as part payment.

Illustrated List J.M. Free.

8 MILES A PENNY

JAMES GROSE LTD EUSTON RD
GREAT PORTLAND ST. LONDON N.W.1

10/6 SINGLE Ex. Strong 15/- in Silk Elastic 17/6

15/6 DOUBLE Ex. Strong 22/6 in Silk Elastic 26/-

Postage 4d. Postage 4d.

We could fill this whole page with letters of appreciation received from customers since we introduced these Wonderful Rupture Appliances. Consisting of a strong elastic body band fitted with soft unpenetrable rubber pads, velvet covered, they are without doubt the most wonderful appliances on the market to-day. Send your P.O. at once, stating size round body and whether left, right or double rupture.

A Customer writes:—After trying different makes, some very expensive, I find your appliance the best and most comfortable. Supplied through Approved Societies.

LONDON SURGICAL COMPANY (Dept. B88), Craven House, 121, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

CATARRH

IT'S USELESS TO ONLY FREE YOUR NOSE

I guarantee to clear it from your system in less than a month!

OR I WILL RETURN YOUR MONEY IN FULL!

THOUSANDS are walking about with deadly catarrh and don't know it. Thousands are treating "symptoms" and imagining they are treating the "complaint." I will tell you where they are wrong with my new sample test. You can wash your nose with the best spray that was ever made—you can use worthless inhalants and medicaments and still be miles from treating the source of this dangerous disease.

Don't be under any illusion. Catarrh, with the complications that follow, is a very serious trouble. It is so tenacious that every day you leave it, the deadly virulent mucus that drops from the throat to bronchial tubes, stomach and bowels is re-infecting the whole system.

AMAZING SUCCESS OF MY HERBAL DISCOVERY

I have discovered a simple but wonderful herb which forms part of my proven balanced five-fold treatment for all forms of dangerous catarrh. Don't delay another minute, fill in coupon below and I will show you a simple, inexpensive and rational method of tackling this great problem once and for all. Never mind what you have tried or your previous disappointments, my plan is based on a "no relief, no pay" principle, so that you have everything to gain and nothing to lose.

WHAT I DID FOR OTHERS—I CAN DO FOR YOU

"It has been the most successful of anything that I have tried. I have recommended your treatment to everyone I hear that is suffering from Catarrh, as I have proved that it is the best remedy."
J. W., Cumberland.

"Since I started your treatment a month ago my Catarrh has left my nose and my throat is improving. It is a marvellous cure."
A. L., 5th July.

"You have done more for me in 3 weeks than my panel doctor did in 6 months. I can eat better, breathing better, less stomach trouble. In fact, it's some time since I felt like this."
H. H., 28th June.

"All the head noises have ceased, my nose and throat are clear. I have no chest wheezing, no palpitations and I am not so tired after a day of hard work. My hearing has improved so much."
D. C. F., 27th June.

Originals may be inspected at my Consulting rooms.

YOU HAVE CATARRH IF

Nose is blocked
YOU HAVE HEAD NOISES
YOUR HEARING IS FAILING
Mucus drops in your throat
You have loose cough
You catch cold easily
Your breath is foul
Breathing difficult
Your throat is sore
YOU ARE SUBJECT TO HAY FEVER
You get headache
You get dizzy
Your memory is failing
You tire quickly
Your tongue is coated
You have pains after eating
You are constipated
You mouth-breathe

BEWARE!

To ANGUS SINCLAIR, Dept. J.B./13, 63/64, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

SEND FOR FREE TEST SAMPLE

Please send me free sample test with full directions and Treatise Booklet. I enclose 1½d. stamp to cover postage, etc.

Name .....

Address .....

Pin 1½d. stamp here

3d DEPOSIT 18CT GOLD PLATED WATCH

For 10 years this watch will give you faithful time-keeping. Advance 1939 model, lies snugly on wrist and fitted with a damp-proof, shock-proof, Geneva lever movement, which is proof against electricity, vibration and shocks. Send 3d. deposit and 3d. for packing and post—if satisfied send 1s. 6d. within 7 days and 1s. 6d. fortnightly until 14s. 6d. is paid in all. Cash price 12s. 6d.—Ladies' model 2s. extra. This is a liquidator's stock, worth double, so send 6d. P.O. now to receive this amazing bargain on approval.

C. DAVIES (Dept. J.D.W.2), Excel House, Whitcomb Street, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.

DESPITE THE TAX-

GRATISPOOL

GET YOURS FOR THE HOLIDAYS

FILMS still absolutely FREE as always

Send for an ultra-rapid British-made film to advertise Gratispool Service. NO CATCH. Send Advt. with name, address and 3d. in stamps for postage, packing, etc., and free film will be sent by return. ALL STANDARD SIZES, 3½ x 2½, 4½ x 2½, 2 x 3 or 2½ x 1½ films and to suit KODAK 620 Camera.

GRATISPOOL Ltd. (Dept. J.B.5), 37, Isles Lane, Leeds, 11; or 207, William Street, Glasgow, C.3.

Keep your RED TILES COLOURFUL

Red Tile and Red Composition Floors can be kept in perfect condition so easily by using 'Cardinal,' the polish which gives such a finely rich red gloss. Also excellent for Front Steps, Brick and Cement Paths, etc.

Will not wash off in the rain.

Also in Cream, White, Green, Buff, Transparent, etc. Of all Dealers.

CARDINAL POLISH Tins 6½d. & 1/-

PURE BEER

FOR 1D PER PINT ALE OR STOUT

SPLENDID TONIC AND FOOD

EASILY MADE AT HOME FROM VIGGORMALT. The Pure Triple-Strength Extract of Malt and Hops. Free Yeast with Each Tin—Simply add Cold Water. Get a Shilling tin of Viggormalt today from Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, International Co-ops, Parkes or any Store Chemist or Grocer: or send stamps or P.O. for 1/- direct to Viggormalt, Ltd., Dept. 7E, Davigdor Rd., Hove, Sussex. Post Free U.K. and Eire. Foreign postage extra. State whether for Ale or for Stout when ordering.

BABY CLOTHES

30/-

GENUINE BARGAIN ENTIRELY NEW MODERN LAYETTE, 75 BEAUTIFUL GARMENTS. Complete requirements for immediate wear and onwards for first year. Satisfaction guaranteed. Recommended by Nurses. Summer or Winter wear. HOME-MADE MODERN LAWN GOWNS or WOOLFROCKS, Handsome full-size CHRIS SHAWL, WINCEY or LAWN NIGHTIES, CHRIS ROBE or WOOL SET, best WOOL VESTS, COSY-SUITS, BOOTEES, OVERALLS, PILCHER, BACK FLANNELS, GAUZE or TURK NAPKINS, etc. WORTH £3. A PURCHASER writes: "I wish I could broadcast the value of your Layette, as a bargain no expectant mother should miss."

SEND 2/- FOR PARCEL ON APPROVAL Bal. Cash or Terms Mrs. J. S. HOWARD 66, Dover Rd., Portsmouth.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

The GRAVES "EPWORTH" patent combined Washer and Wringer eliminates toil from wash-day, and saves you all Laundry charges. It washes every thing thoroughly and quickly, and does not injure dainty fabrics. Large capacity tank, newest pattern cast Rustless Metal Agitator, brass draw-off tap; wringer fitted with 16-inch solid rubber rollers, single screw cantilever adjustment, covered cog wheels, reversible change, two-way water drain, detachable mangling board. Finished in mottled lines grey enamel. Carr. Paid. Yours 5/- monthly.

5/- Monthly

CATALOGUE sent Post Free

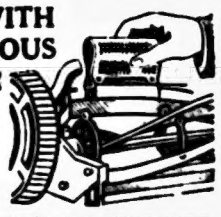
J. S. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

QUICK-CUTTING GARDEN SCYTHE

FREE! SPECIAL SHARPENER FOR SCYTHE INCLUDED FREE WITH 7 DAYS

Take a lesson from country folk—the scythe is best. Cuts WET or DRY grass twice as quickly as shears without stooping or backache. Gets where mower cannot be used—sloping banks, narrow borders, awkward corners, around trees, rockeries, etc. Fitted keen razor edge tempered steel 9-in. blade in non-rust holder, this improved scythe can even be used by ladies without fatigue. Complete with long handle and sheath to protect blade. FREE SHARPENER and easy directions. Send NOW 3/- P.O., Cheque or English Stamps to: Wm. PENN, Ltd. (Dept. AS), 623, Holloway Rd., London, N.19

SHARPEN YOUR MOWER YOURSELF WITH PENN'S FAMOUS MOWER SHARPENER



Instantly puts amazingly sharp cutting edge on any make of mower, however old or blunt. Saves its cost many times over each time used. No skill needed—a few rubs and job's done. Also sharpens shears, tools, knives, scissors, etc. Will last indefinitely. With easy directions.

Originally 1/6. REDUCED PRICE 9d. Post 3d.

REDUCED PRICE 9D Post 3d.

Send now P.O. or English stamps 1/- to:—

Wm. PENN LTD., Dept. C/16, 623, Holloway Road, London, N.19.

SUTCLIFFE'S

PORTABLE BUILDINGS

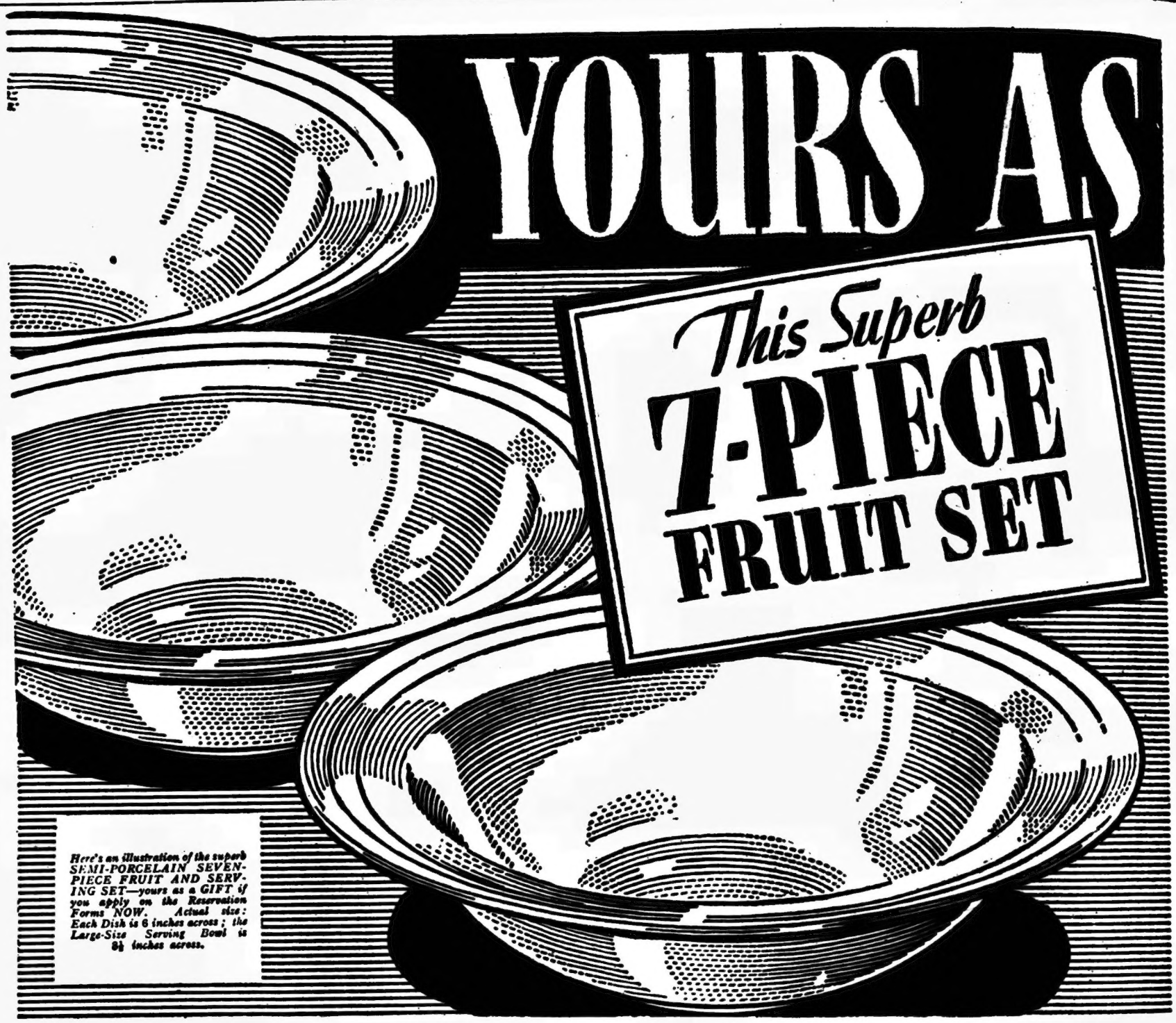
Garages, Store and Tool Sheds, Greenh'ses, Summ'r House, Aviaries, Pav'ns, Work-shops, Kennels, Poultry Cabins, etc. Low cash prices, or easy terms. Send for 1939 FREE CATALOGUE.

F. & R. SUTCLIFFE, LTD., 82, WOOD TOP, KEIGHLEY BRIDGE.

London Show rooms: 40/42, Oxford Street

YOURS AS

This Superb 7-PIECE FRUIT SET



Here's an illustration of the superb SEMI-PORCELAIN SEVEN-PIECE FRUIT AND SERVING SET—yours as a GIFT if you apply on the Reservation Forms NOW. Actual size: Each Dish is 6 inches across; the Large-Size Serving Bowl is 8½ inches across.

LOOK! Almost incredible news for every woman reader of "John Bull." To-day "WOMAN," Britain's greatest national home weekly for women, invites you, as a new reader, to accept—AS A GIFT—the most wonderful Celebration Surprise ever announced... SEVEN superb Gifts in ONE... a magnificent Multi-Purpose SEVEN-PIECE FRUIT AND SERVING SET made from beautiful high-glaze semi-porcelain ware by one of the most famous Staffordshire potteries—a set of SIX delightful full-size DESSERT DISHES made *absolutely* COMPLETE by the addition of a large, handsome, extra-deep SERVING BOWL! Don't miss this biggest thrill of the year! Accept it NOW!

Arrangements have been made to GUARANTEE the reservation of a Gift Set in your name—if you complete and post the Reservation Forms on the right IMMEDIATELY.

LOOK at the illustration of this glorious Fruit and Serving Set . . . have you ever seen anything as lovely as these SEVEN superb pieces? But no illustration could ever really do them justice . . . they *must* be seen to be appreciated. Just think of it! This is the lovely pottery-ware which is yours AS A GIFT—if you ACT AT ONCE!

Unsurpassed for beauty of line, the Bowl and each lovely Dish is of exquisite ivory-tone, perfectly matched and of graceful circular shape, beautifully finished with two dainty lines of coral and black—a most distinguished design. Each individual Dish is 6in. in diameter—the Serving Bowl is 8½in. in diameter.

Not only is this seven-piece Fruit and Serving Set a Gift of charm and beauty—you'll find it immensely useful *every* day and for practically *every* meal. In these rich ivory-tone Serving Bowl and Dishes you can serve the daintiest of Fruit Salads . . . fresh fruit, canned or dried . . . stewed fruits . . . cool green salads, too . . . creamy trifles, junkets and milk puddings. But that's not all—the large deep bowl is also invaluable as an extra vegetable dish or salad bowl and, in addition, the six dessert dishes can be used in endless ways . . . for delicious sweets, and for all varieties of breakfast cereals—hot or cold. Everything you serve in these beautiful dishes looks so attractive . . . so inviting. Here, indeed, is a Fruit and Serving Set in a thousand . . . a set that cannot help but add beauty and dignity to your table . . . and be admired by all who see and use it.

In the ordinary way you would gladly pay several shillings for a Fruit and Serving Set of such quality—yet it can be yours as a GIFT, if you apply NOW!

DO THIS NOW

First, complete the Reservation Form and Label on right and post them at once. Affix a halfpenny stamp to the Label. SEND NO MONEY WITH THESE FORMS. By return you will be sent your Gift Voucher entitling you to qualify for your Fruit and Serving Set, which will be set aside ready for dispatch when your Gift Voucher, properly completed, is returned.

TO QUALIFY, you are, as a new reader, asked to return the Gift Voucher, accompanied by Sixteen Tokens cut from consecutive issues of "WOMAN." Tokens eligible are the Series "P" in the right-hand bottom corner inside the back cover of "WOMAN." Applicants from this announcement may commence with No. 4 "P.28" from the magnificent issue just out—price 2d. everywhere.

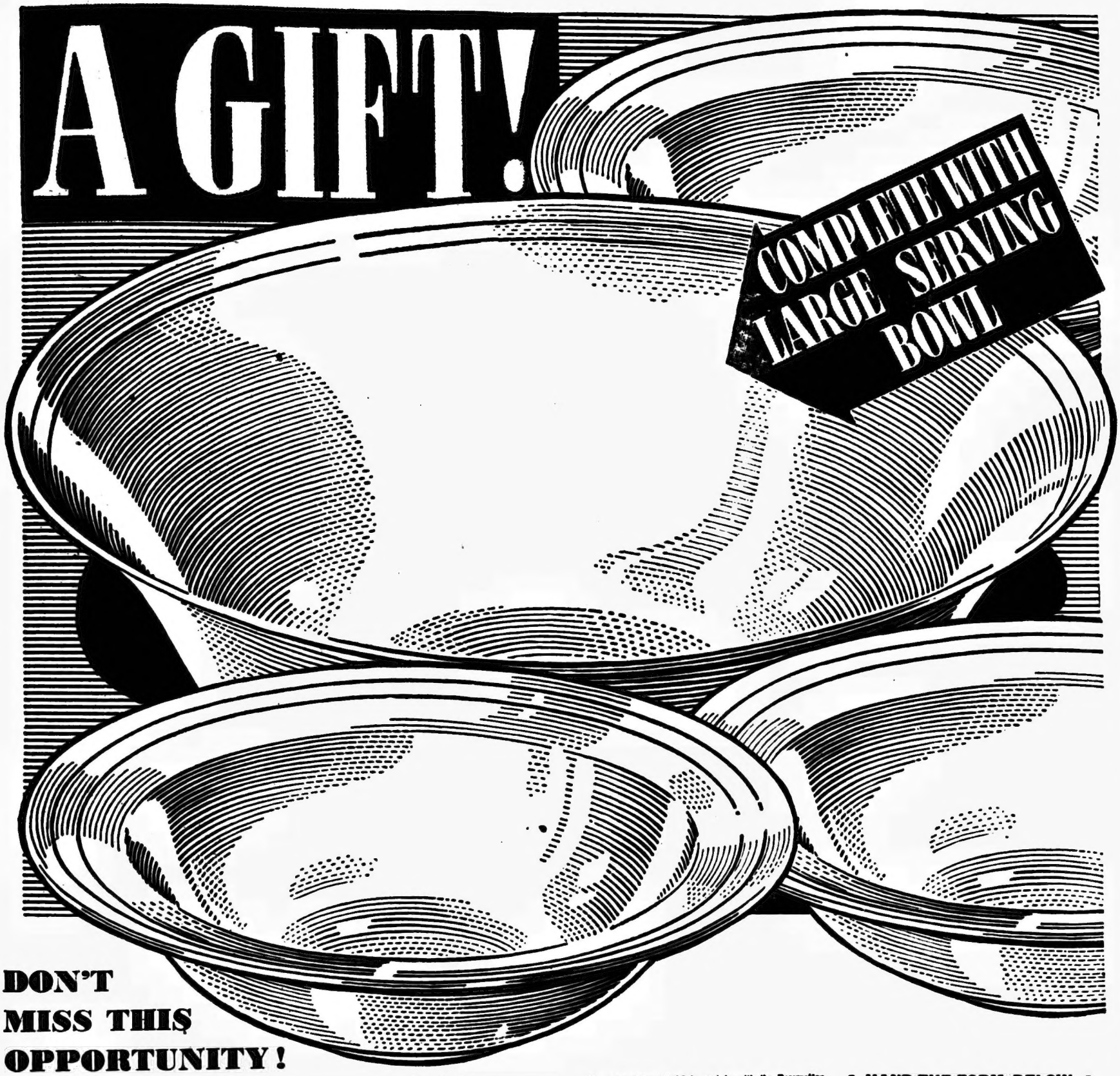
Together with your completed Voucher and Tokens you are also asked to send in the nominal sum of only 1s. 3d. (one shilling and threepence), which includes insurance against breakage in transit, special packing and carriage right to your home, etc.

THAT IS ALL. There is nothing more to pay or do, except to see that your newsagent holds a written order for the regular supply of your copies of "WOMAN." NO PERSON MAY APPLY FOR MORE THAN ONE FRUIT AND SERVING SET.

URGENT Do not delay a moment! Decide now to seize this amazing opportunity for "John Bull" readers. You can imagine the colossal response this unprecedented offer will evoke. This splendid seven-piece Fruit and Serving Set can be YOURS. But you must act SWIFTLY. Reserve your Set NOW!

POST FORMS ON RIGHT AT ONCE!

A GIFT!



DON'T MISS THIS OPPORTUNITY!

CUT HERE

SEVEN-PIECE FRUIT AND SERVING SET

GIFT!

Applications from this paper will be treated in strict rotation.

RESERVATION FORM

SEND NO MONEY WITH THIS FORM

Address your envelope to "Woman" exactly as shown below, and post to

FRUIT SET GIFT DEPT., J.B.1., "WOMAN,"
3, ARNE STREET, LONDON, W.C.2 (Prof.)

This Form reserves your 7-Piece Fruit and Serving Set in accordance with "Woman's" special offer. Please reserve in my name a 7-Piece Fruit and Serving Set and send me my official Gift Voucher on which to qualify. I undertake, AS A BONA-FIDE NEW READER, to give "Woman" a fair trial for sixteen weeks. I have placed an order with the undermentioned Newsagent for the regular supply of copies of "Woman," and give his name and address for verification purposes.

New Reader's Signature .....

Write Clearly in BLOCK LETTERS — Full Postal Address .....

.....

Newsagent's Name .....

Address .....

Date _____

Leave Blank. Checked and Verified. ..... District Supervisor.

Last day for receipt of Reservations from this announcement, Tuesday, June 20th. This scheme applies only to persons residing in Gt. Britain, Northern Ireland or Eire. Applicants in Eire will be required to pay any charges that may be levied. "J.B.," 10/6/39

The Label below MUST be sent in with the Reservation Form on left. It MUST bear a halfpenny stamp and be filled in with your name and POSTAL ADDRESS in BLOCK LETTERS. Reservation Form on left and Label below may be posted in unsealed envelope bearing halfpenny stamp.

A Halfpenny Stamp MUST be affixed here by YOU.

NAME

.....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS

.....

.....

.....

.....

J.B.

HAND THE FORM BELOW TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

IMPORTANT.—It is a condition of this offer that your newsagent MUST hold a written order from you for the regular supply of copies of "WOMAN." Hand him the form below TO-DAY.

"Woman"

The National Home Weekly.
2d. Every Thursday.

ORDER FORM

To .....
(Name of Newsagent)

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve a copy of "Woman" for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

Date _____

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

double your pleasure with

PARK DRIVE

10 for 4½d

PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED (MILD)

JOHN BULL

THURSDAY, for week ending SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1939
13, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2
Telephone: TEMPLE BAR 2468.

Straight from the Shoulder

R.A.F. Tells Hitler

GERMAN spies in Britain have had their work made easy—by order of the Government.

Sent here to find out the facts about our air rearmament, they have been able to send Hitler comprehensive reports concerning our air strength and types of machine—though minus many essential details.

Air Shock

They have been allowed to do so for one simple and sane reason: the Cabinet decided that nothing but good could result from Germany being fully aware of the amazing strength of our air fleets and air defences.

So seemingly simple R.A.F. officers gave away "secrets." They have also given Herr Hitler and Field-Marshal Goering a nasty jar.

Who Pays ?

There's something else the Government should tell; to-day, June 8, two M.P.s will try to unseal official lips.

Mr. Rhys Davies and Mr. Ben Riley are asking the Home Secretary for a list of propaganda organisations in Britain which are supported by foreign money.

Sir Samuel Hoare will no doubt evade the question, but frankness might have a salutary effect upon certain organisations we know.

Frankness and Funk

However, a welcome dose of candour comes from Hitler's new economic dictator, Dr. Funk. He has just admitted that "Germany's economic position is like that of a mountaineer who has climbed an enormous height only to see that his real goal, the mountain peak, is still a long way off."

Hitler's Drive

High officials say that he has convinced Herr Hitler of the need for an enormous trade expansion to bolster up Germany's precarious economics.

A hint of the direction that new drive will take is given by a semi-official State economic institution, which declares that South-East Europe is still regarded as offering good prospects for increased exports.

It is expected that more trade missions to the Balkans will leave Berlin in the near future.

(Continued overleaf)

Secrets

BEHIND THE NEWS

A ban on foreign holidays for senior Civil Servants has now been removed. Officials can travel where they like, but must be back in their offices by September.

* * *

WATCH FOR A NEW ROYAL HOUSEHOLD APPOINTMENT WHEN THE KING RETURNS—AN OFFICE TO BRING THE PUBLIC IN TOUCH WITH ALL ROYAL FAMILY ACTIVITIES.

* * *

One result of the Royal visit will be a new Canadian emigration scheme, with two British for every one non-British settler.

* * *

New shipping subsidy will aim at modernising fleets on the principal ocean routes.

* * *

City of London is betting 4 to 1 in favour of a big barter deal in raw materials between Britain and the U.S.A. before the autumn.

* * *

LABOUR PARTY IS TO LAUNCH A PARLIAMENTARY CAMPAIGN AGAINST RENT PROFITEERING.

* * *

Turkish troops march into the Sanjak. The harbour will become a new base for British warships—as we reveal below.

Cabinet reshuffle is again under consideration: Sir Thomas Inskip, Mr. Oliver Stanley, Lords Maugham, Runciman and Stanhope are marked out for removal.

* * *

Some Ministers plan to rope in Lord Nuffield for special reorganisation duties.

* * *

London's Green Belt has so far cost £4,000,000; landowners have made twice as much again by exploiting adjacent country.

* * *

MAJOR G. LLOYD GEORGE IS MOST LIKELY TO BE THE NEXT SPEAKER.

* * *

First big job of General Sir E. Ironside, new chief of overseas army, is to build up our forces in the Near East. Most will be held in readiness in Palestine.

* * *

BRITAIN PERSUADED FRANCE TO OFFER THE SANJAK OF ALEXANDRETTA TO TURKEY AS PART OF THE BARGAIN IN THE ANGLO-TURKISH AGREEMENT. ARMENIANS THERE, REMEMBERING THE MASSACRE UNDER PREVIOUS MOSLEM RULE, ARE APPREHENSIVE.

* * *

News that British and French warships will use the harbour as a base is expected to allay the alarm.

* * *

Intelligence officers report that Britain, France and Russia have two fighting 'planes for every one possessed by the combined German and Italian forces.

* * *

HUNDREDS OF GERMAN MILITARY 'PLANES HAVE BEEN SCRAPPED BECAUSE THEY ARE OUT-CLASSED BY BRITISH MACHINES.

Despite official denials, it's true that the Siegfried Line has been broached by floods.

* * *

The cause—according to the secret commission of investigation—is not that German concrete is of bad quality, but that the soil is unsuitable in many places for heavy fortifications.

* * *

GERMAN LABOUR SHORTAGE IS SO ACUTE THAT ELDERLY WOMEN AND DEFECTIVE MEN ARE SOON TO BE PRESSED INTO SERVICE.

* * *

Still longer hours are to be worked in German mining and building industries; bigger premiums will be paid for fast production.

* * *

One in every three German schoolchildren examined by Nazi doctors is found to be either totally or partially unfit, due to lack of food.

* * *

Official figures of German casualties in Spain —890 dead, 3,736 wounded—are for public consumption only. Actual figures are far higher.

* * *

DENMARK WILL MAKE FURTHER CONCESSIONS TO APPEASE ITS NAZIS, WHO NOW DECLARE THAT THE DANISH PROVINCE OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN IS THE TRUE CRADLE OF THE GERMAN RACE. DANISH OFFICIALS BELIEVE THAT THIS BOAST MAY HAVE A SINISTER SIGNIFICANCE.

* * *

Count Grandi will not be Italian Ambassador in London much longer, will return to Rome to be Secretary-General of the Fascisti.

* * *

Three times in the last week King Victor of Italy has refused Count Ciano's request that he should visit Berlin as a sign of Axis harmony.

THETIS INQUIRY: TELL THE NATION!

Ill-fated Thetis as she put to sea for the first time.

Continuing Straight from the Shoulder

New Arrival

Another imminent departure is that of Capt. Wiedemann—Hitler's confidant—from the post of Consul-General in San Francisco.

In high Nazi circles it is understood that he will not return to the U.S.A., but will come to London as ambassador.

The German Foreign Minister, von Ribbentrop, believes that Wiedemann could allay our suspicions of Axis policy.

Swagger

But treat with reserve the rumours that Mussolini's son-in-law, Count Ciano, is to lose his job as Italy's Foreign Minister.

They originate in Italian official circles, where his rudeness has made him a host of enemies—and astonished distinguished foreign diplomats whom he has received in audience.

"Van" Advances

Now look behind the London scenes. Sir Robert Vansittart, chief diplomatic adviser to the Government, is winning hands down in his rivalry with Sir Horace Wilson, the Prime Minister's personal adviser.

"Van" has been the strongest supporter of an out-and-out Anglo-Russian pact; Sir Horace has favoured a pact with reservations.

Put Them Up!

Lately there have been more wage cuts than wage rises.

JOHN BULL declares roundly that there is no excuse for them, and challenges the Minister of Labour to prove otherwise.

Especially as the Minister's index figure shows that the cost of living is rising.

Lapse of Memory?

We want Mr. Ernest Brown to tell us also what has happened to the proposed revision of the index system, which is causing millions of workers to be underpaid.

Twenty-five thousand household budgets were analysed. They proved that the present method of calculating the cost of living does not fully reflect the increases in rent and food prices that have taken place since pre-war days.

What excuse can Mr. Brown give for the delay in bringing it up to date?

Chances for Conscripts

To give him his due, however, he is in the midst of a job about which Whitehall is keeping modestly quiet.

He is trying to draw up a scheme whereby young men who are unemployed at the time of being called up will be found jobs after completing their Militia service.

Though, as you might expect, they will be reminded that there is plenty of room for them in the Regular Army.

The Bereaved

Britain will honour the men who lost their lives in the *Thetis*. The whole nation has already been stirred, as if by the sense of personal loss, to sympathy and the profoundest compassion for their relatives.

But honour and sympathy are not enough.

JOHN BULL, in emphasising its own sorrow and horror, must voice the public's wish that the bereaved families will be cared for without stint.

The authorities will ignore that wish at their peril.

Ice-well Schools

Much more pointed is the information issued by a committee of secondary school teachers which has surveyed 400 English and Welsh schools.

Some of them were condemned twenty years ago. One is a condemned Army hut. Others are cold, dilapidated and draughty.

And a purblind officialdom refuses to sanction improvements because of the "need" for economy!

Black List

JOHN BULL can tell that committee that even worse conditions exist in many elementary schools.

Bad enough that the brightest children in Britain, found worthy by stiff examination of higher education, are housed in condemned buildings.

But infants, too, are made to attend hovels where in winter the inkwells freeze and where rats run through the classrooms.

Which seems to us to indicate a job for many of the unemployed.

Mother's Help

Strangely, the Press has ignored an excellent innovation: an apparatus at Queen Charlotte's Hospital, London, which preserves human milk for emergencies.

It should save the lives of many sickly infants—save us, too, from those pathetic radio appeals for foster-mothers.

Queen Charlotte's, the Empire's leading maternity hospital, has once again demonstrated its eagerness to adopt modern life-saving methods, and we wish it well.

What's Wrong?

There have been three sensational murders in which the local police have called in Scotland Yard—and no quick arrests.

The reputation of the Yard is swaying, and unpleasant questions are being asked in the Commissioner's office.

COMPLETE answers to the terrible enigma of the *Thetis* are not yet known. Attempts have already been made to clear away some of the rumours and allegations that were, and still are, current; but, obviously, we must wait for complete enlightenment until all the official evidence has been sifted and experts have decided upon the reason for Britain's worst submarine disaster of all.

There are, nevertheless, some things that must be said at once—questions that we demand shall be met without shirking.

First comes the riddle that lies behind all the welter of misgiving and speculation.

WHY DID NOT THE ADMIRALTY ISSUE HOUR-TO-HOUR BULLETINS ON THE PROGRESS OF RESCUE WORK?

Newspapers, anxious to do their duty well, were rebuffed. The relatives of the entombed men, torn with anxiety, were kept in despairing ignorance.

Not even a full list of the men aboard the sunken leviathan was made available until three days after the first news of the tragedy became known.

For this bungling secrecy, this contemptuous indifference to the anguish of a whole nation, there may be some explanation. If so, it must be given. If not, the public has a right to demand that the officials responsible shall be called to task.

The Second Riddle

There is another vital question that, whatever the findings of the official court of inquiry, must be cleared up in the interests of all who serve in the most dangerous branch of the Navy.

WHY WAS THE *THETIS*, CARRYING NEARLY DOUBLE HER NORMAL COMPLEMENT OF OFFICERS AND MEN, AND ENGAGED ON HER MOST IMPORTANT AND DEADLY TRIALS, ALLOWED TO PUT TO SEA WITHOUT BEING ACCOMPANIED BY A FULLY-ORGANISED SALVAGE SQUAD?

She was accompanied by a tug, it is true. One tug.

But no salvage vessel. No destroyer, whose searchlights might have proved essential for her safety. No pontoon or floating crane that might have prevented the final disaster had it reached the scene in time.

Destroyers were brought—from hundreds of miles away. Salvage experts were flown to the stricken vessel—after it had disappeared for ever below the waves.

Cranes and "camel" pontoons were towed up—when it was too late. Heavy steel chains were commandeered—when there was no longer any use for them.

So again we ask: Why is a new underwater vessel sent on her trials without every kind of salvage equipment being immediately available?

Never, in any of the submarine disasters which have blotted our naval records, can we remember so many ugly questions being asked by the layman, so much mistrust of those in authority, so much indignation and horror.

Remember R 101

The questions we have put will probably be beyond the scope of any court of enquiry. All the more reason, therefore, why they should be answered now.

THERE IS ONE OTHER MATTER WHICH PARLIAMENT SHOULD DISCUSS: IS THERE ANY JUSTIFICATION FOR CONTINUING TO BUILD SUBMARINES?

They cannot be justified as weapons of defence. They are recognised as the most dangerous of all craft—to their crews as well as to the shipping of a potential enemy.

It is now admitted that our modern anti-submarine devices have mastered the underwater vessels owned by foreign navies. Perhaps, for all we know, other Powers have weapons which make even our own submarines worthless.

It needed the R101 disaster to convince us of the worthlessness of airships. The *Thetis* should make us deliberate carefully whether we shall continue to build sister-ships.

Whatever happens, the public's misgivings must be met frankly and without reserve.

Not merely the findings of the court of inquiry, but all evidence except official secrets should be revealed.

Above all, the stupid smoke-screen which officialdom has wreathed about the tragic vessel must be blown aside.

That is a duty which the Admiralty owes not only to the families who mourn, but to the whole nation which, mourning with them, is indignant that their anguish was made more poignant by unnecessary secrecy.

Great Railway Scandal

Without Fear or Favour

FORTY-FIVE million people, most of them hard-up, are to be forced to subscribe to a fund for 800,000 railway shareholders, most of them reasonably well-off.

That is what the "Square Deal" for British railways really means—a raw deal for the public.

First fruits of the "Square Deal" will appear on June 11, when the 5 per cent. increase on all London suburban fares comes into force.

THIS INCREASE ALONE WILL TRANSFER £1,180,000 FROM THE POCKETS OF PASSENGERS TO THOSE OF SHAREHOLDERS.

It is to be followed, if the railways get their way, by similar increases in passenger and freight rates all over the country.

Many of the victims are in the position of the girl clerk who, giving evidence before the Railway Rates Tribunal, stated that from a salary of £80 a year she had to pay £16 14s. in fares.

Around the big cities are hundreds of thousands of wage-earners who, even if they have bigger incomes than that, have also bigger expenses—houses to buy, families to maintain.

For instance, at Dagenham, where the average earnings of residents are between £2 and £3 a week, they already pay between 6s. and 7s. a week in fares.

And, according to the Tenants' and Residents' Association, which is organising a million-signature petition against fare increases, the majority of its members pay in fares 2s. 6d. out of every pound they earn.

The budgets of most of these daily travellers are estimated to the last farthing. Often an extra shilling or two a week is going to mean the sacrifice not of a few luxuries but of food.

But, of course, the railways must be given their "Square Deal" at all costs.

Or must they?

AT this moment, on the desk of the Minister of Transport is the Report which is to bring the Deal into full operation.

It is said to be a unanimous agreement between the various interests involved, and it demands, in the sacred name of "co-ordination" between road and rail, a truce in which the railways will have full liberty to amend their charges.

We know enough already about that Report to be sure that the trader and the public are to bear the cost, in increased charges, of all the rail losses due to mismanagement and over-capitalisation.

The Government will back the railway industry by giving sanction to the proposals—although it has allowed other industries to die without raising a finger.

AND SO THE PUBLIC, IF IT WANTS TO KILL THE RAW DEAL, WILL HAVE TO FIGHT FOR ITSELF.

If the rail combines had only done something in the way of better wages or better services, the increases might have been swallowed.

But nothing like that has happened, or apparently is contemplated.

To-day, alongside news stories about the increases, you can read about the discontent of railwaymen at their small wages. A strike proposal was lost by only one vote the other day.

SO it seems that things are still the same as they were two years ago, when Lord Ashfield declared that better wages would mean increased fares and increased fares would mean a drop in traffic.

It is strange that what should be true when workers' wages are concerned should be untrue when "C" class dividends have to be considered. . . .

As for improvements for passengers, it is the exception to find suburban rail services to large towns like Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds and Glasgow which are not overcrowded and generally unsatisfactory.

In the Greater London area conditions are appalling.

On the lines running to the dormitory suburbs of Essex and Kent, countless thousands travel to and from work in carriages which were built to hold ten people but are packed with twenty or more.

The National Fitness authorities ought to have a look at some of those crowded carriages, in which girls faint and the daily journey becomes an exhausting battle.

They think nothing of asking passengers to stand in a corridor all the way from London to Glasgow. The railways blandly tell you that they do not guarantee a seat.

At the Rates Tribunal enquiry, indeed, Sir William V. Wood, of the L.M.S., bluntly said that the comfort of passengers and the avoidance of overcrowding had nothing to do with the application to increase fares. The only thing which counted was that the railways should earn sufficient money.

What could be franker than that?

SO CATTLE-TRUCK COMPARTMENTS, "WOODEN COFFIN" CARRIAGES, GROSS OVERCROWDING, AND UNLIT, UNWARMED TRAINS ARE TO GO ON INTO THE SQUARE DEAL ERA.

And so, while the Report which is to usher in this blissful period for railway shareholders is still before the Minister of Transport, JOHN BULL would like him to remember the following few points:

The excuse for present and pending increases is that the railways dropped £7,000,000 in receipts last year. But if he will examine returns again he will see that this £7,000,000 was really a drop in shareholders' profits.

NET revenues went steadily up in the five years 1933-37. Average net revenue of four companies was £33,000,000—of which only £12,250,000 was necessary to satisfy dividends on debenture and guaranteed stock.

If the balance was not sufficient to satisfy the other shareholders, then that is just too bad for them. Why should the public be made to guarantee their dividends?

In any case, that £7,000,000 loss is already wiped out, because the June 11 increase in the London area has already put more than £7,000,000 on to the value of the Big Four's stock!

The real cause of the railways' difficulties does not lie in their generosity to their servants or the public. For every 45s. spent on their wages 16s. 7d. goes to stockholders.

THE FAULT LIES IN THE STAGGERING BURDEN OF CAPITAL—WHICH STANDS ON THEIR BOOKS TO-DAY AT £1,102 MILLIONS!—AND IN MISMANAGEMENT WHICH WILL NOT MEET CHANGED CONDITIONS IN NEW WAYS.

OTHER great industries have had difficulties. Cables and Wireless, for instance, faced with new competition and changed conditions, cut its capital from £47 millions to £22½ millions, and then enlarged and cheapened its service to the public.

The railways ought to be made to tackle their problems in the same way.

In the name of the 45,000,000 rail-users who had no voice in the "Square Deal" deliberations, JOHN BULL demands two things:

First, the Government must not give its backing to the proposals in the new Report until the railways reorganise themselves to meet modern conditions.

Second, the railways must give some proof, in better service and guaranteed future plans, that there is going to be a square deal for passengers and traders, too.

Voice of the People

- **Government Spies Suspected At Arms Factories**
- **"Poison" Wine On Sale At 2½d. A Glass**
- **Cyclist Asks "Why Not Have This Tyre Tax?"**

WHY has the B.B.C. dropped the motto "Let Nation Speak Peace Unto Nation" from the cover of its official publication since it started broadcasting to Germany?

And does this mean that it has dropped the idea of speaking peace to our neighbours?—E. George, 56, Sneyd Street, Coleridge, Burslem, Stoke-on-Trent.

B.B.C. explanation is:—Our emblem includes two mottoes, the one your reader has quoted and a Latin one meaning "Whatsoever."

We sometimes use one, sometimes the other, sometimes neither. We have not dropped the one he mentions, and there is no significance in leaving it off our publication.

"Is £1 Enough?"

I think old people are worthy of every consideration, but about increased old-age pensions—don't you think a pound a week is enough to keep an old couple in retirement, seeing that farm labourers' wives have to keep their men in working condition and maintain themselves and children as well on very little more?—Mrs. Grubb, Woodland Cottage, Broadwars, Worcester.

Very well, we say they both deserve more.

No Lures Here

Three men in my family work at three different firms engaged on Government contracts of a secret kind.

All of them confirm that certain political parties indulge in far more propaganda work at the gates of these factories than they do at factories not doing rearmament work.

Hence the suspicion that some of these political workers may be British Government agents, testing whether men can be won from their loyalty by a foreign power.—H. A. Rosebery, Stoke Newington, N.

No such Continental methods are used by the authorities in this country. Our Courts would not convict people officially tempted into mischief as a test of loyalty or anything else.

Cruise, No Sea Air

My brother is sailing this week on a cruise—but the passengers will never see him.

As a member of the crew he will only be permitted on deck for a few hours during the whole three weeks.

But he's grateful. It's better than having your ship laid up, he says.—F. M., Battersea, S.E.

This gives us a chance to give our Board of Trade another well-merited kick. Many of our sailors hardly ever see the sea. Their lives are spent in the steel coffins of their quarters.

We used to send boys to sea for their health. To-day, many of them return unfit. They would get a better deal under certain foreign flags.

"Trade Disgrace"

One reads a lot about the so-called drink traffic, always written by a retailer of drink, a shareholder in breweries or distilleries, a consumer or by a rabid teetotaler.

All those people, I submit, are prejudiced parties. I, as a barman who drinks little or nothing, am not.

And what do I say? I say that 99 drinkers out of a hundred are people getting healthy enjoyment out of something they are well able to afford and injuring nobody in the process.

But I am serving women with "wines" at 2½d. a big glass, which, whether they are "Red Biddy" or not, and I don't know what comprises "Red Biddy," render them detestable people whether as wives, mothers or just as women.

It is a disgrace to my trade that such drinks are served. It is unfair to ordinary drinkers that they should be associated with these people who are so often turned out into the street fighting drunk. The trade, my trade, should end this scandal.—B. T., London, W.

London police have asked certain publicans to stop the sale of particular wines which rot people physically and mentally, although they have no power to insist on it. Some of them have refused.

Thus a tiny percentage of publicans injure the good name of the vast majority. We would like to see the police given powers to say "This is not a drink at all. It is a poison."

"Better Look Out . . ."

Throughout these months of crisis, everybody wonders what the young man is thinking.

Most of those I know have views very similar to my own, which can be summed up as:

"I'll be able to get that motor-cycle I have promised myself—if things keep on improving. But if any country starts anything, it had better look out."—A. W. Harman, 10, St. Mary Magdalene Street, Brighton.

Britain's young men are portrayed by the German controlled press as being in a state of panic. But not even those newspapers really believe it. It is all part of the propaganda game.

"I'd Rather Pay"

Regarding the suggested taxing of cyclists through their tyres I say: Why not, as long as part of the money goes to improving roads?

When I cycled in a country district my tyres cost me 6s. per ten months. Now that I work in London they cost 2s. 6d. per two years—travelling the same distance.

I'd rather pay the Government, and get more trouble-free running.—R. J. Crawford, 204, Shirland Road, Maida Hill, W.9.

The suggestion isn't ours, by the way. But if it's of interest, fifteen cyclist readers have written to us supporting some form of cycle tax, nineteen against.

Not For Nazis

Remember, fellow-readers, as you read "Voice of the People," "that such a page would be impossible in Germany.—Vincent Quinn, Ballynaskeagh, Bembridge, Co. Down.

So would most of our other pages!

Door-to-Door Dodge

My aunt has been approached by a man who offered her £4 if she would allow her name to be used as a testimonial for a certain brand of tea, sold from door to door.

When my aunt said she had never heard of the tea, much less used it, she was told: "It doesn't matter. The money is still available."

Being a woman of principle, she refused. But it shows how testimonials are got.—William Hodgson, 25, Duke Street, West Hartlepool.

No it doesn't. It shows how orders for tea are got. Your aunt would have paid dearly to sample the tea—but she would never have got the £4.

● *We want to know what you are thinking about, what you've seen or done. So write to the "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your own drawing or photograph illustrating the letter.*

What the Militia Wants to Know

Hundreds of readers affected by Conscription have taken advantage of "John Bull's" Free Advice Department (see page 17). Here are some of their problems.

MY mother is English and my father of alien origin. I was born in Britain but, because I am not of pure British descent, I have been rejected three times for service with the Regular Forces. Am I now liable to be called up for militia training?—R. Kinnalli, Shirley Road, Southampton.

Yes. Being a British subject by birth, you must serve, irrespective of previous refusals under the voluntary system.

* * *

I DO not reach my twentieth birthday until next October. Is there any possibility that I shall be called up in the next twelve months?—W. Griggs, Stanton Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

If a man was not between twenty and twenty-one on June 3, he will not, unless exceptional circumstances arise, be summoned to serve until June, 1940.

* * *

AFTER eight months, I am a fully qualified member of the auxiliary fire service. Am I excluded from militia duty?—J. G. Connell, Feltham, Middlesex.

There is no exemption for firemen nor for any kind of A.R.P. workers.

* * *

THOUGH only twenty, I have founded what promises to be a successful one-man business. It will be destroyed when I am called up next month. Is there any method by which I can obtain exemption? — C. Giles, Rottingdean, Brighton.

No. But you may apply for postponement of your militia service for not more than a year, so that arrangements can be made for the business to be carried on in your absence.

* * *

BECAUSE I shall not be twenty until next year, I am not due to register for military training until then. If I join the Territorial Army now, can I obtain exemption from militia service in 1940?—Maurice Hill, Finn Street, Hulme, Manchester.

No; but service in the Territorial Army or its equivalents before calling up will be deducted from the three and a half years' compulsory service in the Territorial Army or Reserve after the militia period, as well as giving opportunity for promotion and higher pay.

* * *

CAN you help me? My trade, in which I am just completing my apprenticeship, is in the official list of "reserved occupations." Am I for that reason exempt from militia training?—Walter Howells, Erdington, Birmingham.

There are no exemptions of any kind from military training on account of trade or profession.

* * *

WILL my son, who was discharged from the Regular Army this year, after ten months' service, be called up, as he is now of militia age?—Robert Hanson, Manor Road, Tottenham, N.

Men who, since the age of seventeen, have served continuously for not less than six months in any of the Regular Forces are free from liability for training.

* * *

WHEN I registered for militia service last week, I asked to be enrolled in a unit for which I have technical qualifications. It was disappointing to be told that I must take "pot luck" regarding the type of regiment in which I will find myself.—S. B. Grainger, Barrington Avenue, Liverpool.

Before being posted, you will be given an opportunity by a military interviewing officer to state your preference for specialist work or for a particular regiment.

* * *

SO that he could return home to support me, as I am a widow, I "bought out" my only son from the Regular Army after he served four months.

Now that he is compelled to go back for military training, can I claim the money which I paid for his discharge?—Mrs. J. Remington, Clifton Avenue, Wembley, Middlesex.

A refund can only be legally obtained if he re-enlists in the Regular Forces for not less than three years. Cases of special hardship, however, will be sympathetically considered by the Secretary of State for War.

* * *

NOW nineteen, my son would not ordinarily have to perform his service until next Summer. In the Spring of 1940, however, a professional appointment—the chance of a lifetime—will be available to him. Is it possible for him to undergo his training before he is twenty?—R. Neill, Forest Avenue, Aberdeen.

In very exceptional circumstances, applications to anticipate service will be entertained.

The Army is no longer a comparatively small profession—it is everybody's business. Medical examination of Militiamen began this week. How will they become soldiers?' What sort of lives will they lead. A JOHN BULL representative has gone out to talk with those in the fighting services, informally as man-to-man. Here is the first of his reports—

No. I. The Tanks

By Our Special Investigator

A modern tank. "No room for heel-clicking inside this animated sardine tin."

The Army of To-day

HARRY was a professional masseur at Leatherhead, Wally a riveter in a Dundee shipyard. Jack was an assistant to a London "gent's outfitter," George a sheet-metal worker in Birmingham.

Now they're all in the Army, and they've just been telling me what they think of it.

These four young men are in the 2nd Battalion of the Royal Tank Regiment. My visit to the depot at Farnborough was official, but I talked to them unofficially.

I set out to find just what everyday work is in a modern unit of Britain's mechanised army. And I wanted the Tommies to tell me.

Soon the twenty-year-old Militiamen will share some of their experiences. That is why I chose the 2nd Tank Battalion. For the Battalion—under the command of Lieut.-Col. R. G. W. Rimington—is to receive 100 of the first Militiamen. An extra company is to be formed for their training.

IT MAY BE SACRILEGE, AS EX-ROYAL ARTILLERY, TO SAY THIS, BUT IF I WERE IN THE ARMY AGAIN I SHOULD WANT TO BE IN TANKS.

Without question, there is a closer, more friendly relationship between officers and other ranks in the Royal Tank Regiment than in the older formations of the British Army.

Discipline is there all right, but it is *flexible*. It has to be when officers and men are side by side in a moving contraption of guns and machinery.

As a senior officer put it: "There cannot be overmuch heel-clicking and parade-ground stuff when you have to work and fight together in a kind of animated sardine-tin.

"We try to keep in peace time the spirit which existed between officers and men on active service during the war, and I think we succeed. Other units, of course, are essentially different."

PERHAPS it is this spirit which makes soldiers of the Royal Tank Regiment generally so dependable.

Day after day the colonel receives a clean crime sheet. The only offence repeated at all is that of being in an accident.

If a driver of a tank hits anything he is taken before the colonel. It is a "crime" to be in a collision. There is an immediate enquiry, rather on the same lines as in the Navy when a ship is endangered.

Enlisting in the Tanks, a soldier is taught things that other young men would envy.

He becomes, under tuition, a competent motor mechanic. He is trained in wireless signalling and telephony.

He learns gunnery—a bit more about each branch than a gunner in the Royal Artillery—and he is drilled and schooled as an ordinary private in a line regiment.

Except that he does not deal with horses, he learns something about every activity of the British Army. He is efficient as an infantryman, a gunner, and a signaller. And in addition he is expert on mechanical transport.

During the whole of his six years' regular service he is learning lessons that will be profitable for himself as well as the Army.

That is why there is scarcely any unemployment among men who have served in the Tanks and stepped back to civil life.

ON THE RESERVE OF THE ROYAL TANK REGIMENT THERE ARE ABOUT 3,000 MEN. AND FEWER THAN THIRTY IN THE 3,000 ARE NOT IN WELL-PAID CIVILIAN JOBS. IT IS AN AMAZING RECORD OF ARMY "AFTER CARE."

Fourteen shillings a week is the basic rate of pay for a regular soldier. In the 2nd Battalion of the Royal Tank Regiment—which was my "sample"—only ninety men were getting the minimum.

All the others were paid extra. He is a poor recruit who, after a year in the service, is not drawing additional pay for proficiency or as a "tradesman."

Which brings me back to my four friends: Harry the masseur; Wally the riveter; Jack, "gent's outfitting," and George in sheet metal.

All of them—and they gave me budget figures—are doing better materially in the Army than they were in civil occupations.

"Gent's outfitting" was an excellent example. He is married and has two children. Working in a shop he received £2 10s. a week in wages.

HE draws in the Army 27s. 6d a week—with all found—plus an allowance of 27s. 6d. for his wife and children, and with each promotion he will get something more.

As for the others, they are single men and receive on an average 30s. a week, which is *their own spending money*—free of all encumbrances.

George from Birmingham, for instance, now a tank driver and a lance-corporal, draws 35s. a week *clear*.

Remember, too, that they are all fairly young soldiers. They are learning different trades every month of the year.

And they are having a marvellously good time.

Let us see what happens to them.

An ordinary recruit—not a Militiaman—who enlists in the Royal Tank Regiment goes first of all for eight months' intensive training at the depot at Bovington Camp.

There he begins to be a soldier. He is taught drill, and physical "jerks" until his chest puts on two inches and his muscles are steel.

He learns, too, the rudiments of motor engineering and wireless operation.

FROM Bovington he is drafted to a battalion, and a year of training follows. During the winter there is indoor work—lectures on gunnery and in the machine shops, and in the summer there are field operations in all phases.

Eight months plus one year, and then the soldier is regarded as efficient and out of the embryo stage.

He should be, then, a fully fledged member of a tank crew; ready to take any job in the tank, whether as driver-wireless operator, gunner or mechanician.

In every tank the jobs are interchangeable. Each man must be able to carry on if one of the others should become a casualty.

Gunnery practice has been one of the main difficulties of the Royal Tank Regiment.

Adequate firing can take place only over a ten-mile square of country. The difficulty lies in having a moving shooting "platform" and also moving targets travelling at different speeds.

The angle of danger is always changing; hence the need of a big safety area.

Only this year will a full range be available for tank gunnery practice.

Various ingenious devices have been put into practice to reproduce warfare conditions. The miniature gunnery range of the 2nd Battalion, housed in a long shed, is something to marvel at.

In the foreground is a battery of tank turrets, equipped with various guns. The turrets can be made to move this way and that, up hill and down dale—just as a tank would travel over rough country.

Behind is a landscape—open country, houses, villages, built like a stage set, with tiny dummy tanks coming to the attack in every direction.

Here the gunners are given their preliminary instruction.

They have before them the reproduction of a battlefield, and they have to fire as they would in action against an enemy—except that there are no back answers.

Rocking, shaking, thrown together like a Rugger scrum, the men are taught to shoot "in miniature."

I was given a lesson and can assure you that it is the most fascinating way to learn about a three-pounder quick-firer or a machine-gun.

Men of the Territorial tank units attached to the 2nd Battalion fire on the range for hours during their week-end training.

When the men hear their mistakes they realise what to avoid. No sort of lecture explanation can make the deficiencies as clear as the dictaphone record.

THE hundred men of the new Militia who will be allocated to the 2nd Battalion of the Royal Tank Regiment are lucky.

They will be stationed at Warminster—for the battalion is moving there. They will be worked strenuously, but sympathetically.

In their first six months they will be made just about half a soldier, but they will find themselves among good comrades, who will do their best to help.

AND I AM SURE THAT BEFORE THE END OF THE FIRST PERIOD OF "MILITIADOM" THEY WILL SAY THEY HAVE HAD THE TIME OF THEIR LIVES.

THEY WILL PROBABLY WANT TO STAY ON. I SHOULD.

Sir Wyndham Childs'

Thieves nowadays have to be constantly inventing new ways to try to baffle the police. My Chief Commissioner reveals some of the most cunning of these underworld dodges . . .

CROOKS with NEW IDEAS

ODDLY enough, one of the most successful of the up-to-date ruses has been stolen from the last century.

Burglars are exploiting youths and boys just as they did in the days of Charles Dickens.

This human screen has a different purpose now, though.

When Dickens uncovered the haunts of Bill Sikes, boys—the smaller the better—were used because they could more easily break into houses.

Now their chief object is to elude the fingerprint trap.

If any impressions are left they tell the police nothing, because these young foils have no filed records to check up on.

Once they are caught they are of no more use in the camouflage squad.

But while they are uncharted in the thieves' map room at the Yard, the old hands find it safer these days to make the plans and let them do the actual job.

The lads are, of course, most carefully tutored, and the police suspect that crime colleges of a new type have sprung up.

It is certainly the most anxious and perplexing of the "new ideas." Most of the recent fur robberies have been carried out with the help of their "scholars."

The experienced crooks behind them have also resorted to a new method for disposing of their plunder.

At one time it was the almost invariable custom to ship an entire haul abroad surreptitiously within a few hours of the raid.

Now crooks have found there is less risk and more profit in selling the furs over here.

Again confederates who have never been in the hands of the police are brought into the ring.

They keep the stolen goods carefully hidden in their flats and then mingle, as it were, with the ordinary street crowds by advertising something like this:—

Valuable fox fur, practically new, offered for sale. Must be sold; great sacrifice. Phone .... (or write Box No. ....).

THE police throughout the country would have little time for anything else if they tracked down all such advertisements They abound in nearly every newspaper.

Most of them, of course, are perfectly genuine, but more and more frequently they include the disguised shop window of the fur thief.

In one month this year it is believed that £4,000 worth of looted furs were trafficked in this way.

Some crooks, checkmated in their favourite type of theft, have turned to a completely new field in which they bank on detection being more difficult.

One gang has undoubtedly made a very astute choice.

They are stealing wheels from motor cars on such an extensive scale that one of the Big Five at Scotland Yard has been specially deputed to track down the ringleaders.

It is going on all over the country, but clues already secured indicate clearly that there is one central organisation located somewhere in the Midlands.

Sometimes cars are stolen from outside houses and offices or from unattended parking places and driven to a lonely spot. There they are jacked up and the wheels, including the spare one, are removed.

The biggest hauls, though, come from garages in out-of-the-way places which are entered at night.

Only a few weeks ago a big raid was made in the Hendon district.

Since identification of the wheels is almost impossible and the gang has evidently discovered a channel for selling them at a good figure, this is proving the most lucrative of the new schemes.

But, despite the tremendous difficulties they are up against, the police are confident that they will be able to scotch it soon.

Exceedingly useful information was given voluntarily by a young man arrested and sent to jail for a short term a little while ago.

He was an ex-Borstal boy, and he was caught with a number of wheels in his possession.

The story he told confirms the suspicion that there is a master mind directing operations, and that the gang found it just as profitable and much safer than stealing the entire car.

Another new dodge is to instal a woman accomplice as a cleaner in a block of offices selected for a robbery.

Bogus servants have long been used in this way to pave the way for country house burglaries, but the office cleaner is an innovation which puzzled the police for a time.

These women, all of them accomplished actresses in their way, can produce faked references quite simply, and it does not take them long to make a complete survey, so that the raid can be planned like clockwork.

OFTEN they work at night when the building is comparatively empty, and they can smuggle in the men who are to do the job.

Women crooks, too, figure in a daring gamble now that shoplifting is much more difficult than it used to be.

They hide in a big store shortly before closing time on Saturday and stay there the whole week-end. Food and water are easily obtainable.

After carefully noting the times at which the watchman goes on his rounds they help themselves to cigarette cases and jewellery or anything compact and valuable which they can hide in their clothing.

Usually they wait until the early hours of Monday morning before they begin collecting their plunder. Then, when the store opens, they slip out of their hiding place, mix with the early shopping crowds, and escape.

QUAINTEST OF THE NOVELTY TRICKS IS TO TRADE ON A JAIL RECORD!

SOME THIEVES HAVE FOUND IT MOST SUCCESSFUL.

They approach a firm, confess frankly that they have been in prison, and fervently appeal for a job so that they can make a fresh start.

STAFF managers of a number of companies have been taken in by the unusualness of the application.

"There's probably a lot of character behind this man's courage," they say to themselves. "He deserves a chance."

It's been a big shock when they discovered too late, that it is merely a new ruse to sidetrack the risk of breaking in to do the stealing.

One of these "frankness-is-the-best-policy" rogues, who made off with some costly statuettes, and concerning whom the police have received several complaints, made a hundred applications for jobs in a few months.

Some of his victims, anxious to avoid publicity, are reluctant to disclose how they were duped.

A true to life masquerade as decorators is the smoke screen thrown out by a batch of inventive knaves who specialise in robbing large houses in outlying suburbs.

Looking thoroughly workmanlike in their overalls and wheeling a handcart with a ladder and other equipment, two or three can move about in the early morning or at dusk without arousing suspicion.

The ladder is seldom, if ever, used for entering a house. It is purely and simply part of a new disguise.

Naturally, though, this little coterie has acquired the name of the "Ladder Gang."

They are very busy, and a fortnight ago stole jewels and other valuables worth about £9,000 from a house in Surrey.

Even the confidence tricksters are having to change their methods.

Instead of a wallet bulging with bank-notes to impress their prey, one group of these nimble-witted crooks is using a collection of genuinely valuable gems.

They get in touch with a person known to be a buyer of jewels and explain that they are disposing of them for a refugee.

A rock-bottom price is named, and the potential buyer is told that he can, on giving a receipt, keep the collection for a day or two to have it valued.

The two men handling the deal for the gang return at the appointed time, knowing that the valuation will be satisfactory.

WHILE the cash is being counted the jewels are, of course, produced again, and, by a clever sleight of hand, artificial pieces exactly resembling the real gems are substituted!

Fences—receivers of stolen goods—are also striking fresh ground.

Their new idea is to buy houses and rent them to young criminals.

By going through the farce of taking references, all of which are arranged, they can pose as innocent landlords if any of their tenants are caught.

It saves them the haunting fear of stolen property being found on their own premises, because the proceeds of robberies can remain in the houses they have rented to the thieves while they negotiate the sale.

These to whom they sell the goods can, therefore, take them direct from these houses, and the fence, always the most difficult of crooks to catch, makes himself more illusive than ever.

One of them slipped up recently, though.

HE was working on this new plan and had farmed out about twelve houses which he had bought.

But habit made him forgetful, and he took some rings to his own house.

It happened to be the day the police pounced on him, and the rings were quickly identified as part of a smash-and-grab haul.

Yes, the underworld repertoire has to be ever on the change now, but however quickly the new idea experts work they cannot keep pace with the lightning police detection machine of today.

It soon breaks through all the surprises.

Weekly Warnings

BOGUS POLICEMAN'S AMAZING HOAX

IRISH-BORN Maurice Roy Beavis has brought mystery with him from Canada to London.

He weighs eighteen stone seven, has all the open-handed friendliness of the stranger from overseas, smokes green cigars, likes Scotch whisky and good company.

He registered at one of the most expensive West End hotels as "M. R. Beavis, Canadian Mounted Police, Montreal."

But headquarters of the Mounties say that no one of that name has been connected with the force.

Major Beavis, as he described himself, told a reporter that he was in London looking for a man who escaped from the Quebec police last year after being arrested for a gold mine fraud.

Enquiries have revealed that this man is safely in jail in Quebec!

Then there is the mystery of the sports committee card which this breezy Hercules says he brought with him from the liner *Ascania* in which he travelled over. It bore the name "Major M. R. Beavis, V.C."

When the reception clerk showed Beavis to his room at the London hotel he took two medals from a little blue bag and handed them over for safe keeping.

ONE WAS THE VICTORIA CROSS AND THE OTHER THE LEGION OF HONOUR.

The V.C. was inscribed, "2/Lt. M. Palmer-Beavis."

Yet when he was told that the War Office could not trace a V.C. named Beavis, with or without a hyphenated Palmer, and that the Chancellery of the Legion of Honour in Paris was just as ignorant of his name, he wasn't at all embarrassed.

The ship's sports card he passed off, with a smile, as "a misunderstanding."

The V.C., he said, really belongs to the man he is looking for over here.

The Major explained how he tracked his man to New York, lost the scent, but found these medals in a pawnshop, and paid five pounds to get them out!

His own War decoration, he said, was the M.C., which he won when he served with the Royal Field Artillery. The War Office could not trace that, either, in the name of Maurice Roy Beavis.

Seven weeks ago, Beavis said, he was within four and a half degrees of the North Pole, and that he had dog-teamed through appalling weather.

HE SHOWED SOME SNAPSHOTS OF DOGS ON THE TRAIL, AND A BE-FURRED FIGURE, FEATURES IN-VISIBLE, COOKING BREAKFAST IN THE SNOW. THAT WAS A PICTURE OF HIMSELF, HE SAID.

FROM A PLACE CALLED CHURCH-ILL HE FLEW TO MONTREAL AND CAUGHT THE LINER.

Quite casually he spoke of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, and mentioned that he had nearly twenty-four years' service as a policeman.

When he was told he did not seem to be known at the Mounties headquarters he chuckled deeply.

"That's O.K."

He patted the reporter on his arm and confided: "Maybe I was embroidering a bit. Maybe I wasn't up north like I said. Now listen, I'll tell you."

So he showed an identification card dated 1938 which stated that M. R. Beavis was a detective in the Quebec Provincial Police Force.

It bore his signature and photograph. From another pocket he produced what looked like a police badge, blue and yellow enamelled. At the top was the word "Laval," which he said was a police district.

The Quebec Provincial Police say that there is no "Laval" police district and that no Beavis was ever a member of the force!

One final riddle—and that, it seems to me, is for the authorities to solve.

Who exactly is this strange man from Canada, and just what is his mission here?

A real Mountie disembarking his horse when he came over for the King's coronation celebrations

Watch 'em

PLAYBOYS is the business title used by B. W. and R. W. Bateson, of Risingholme Chambers, Foxley Lane, Worthing, who canvass advertisements for telephone cards, which they say will be distributed in various districts.

Two readers who have paid in advance are still waiting to see the cards.

* * *

HOUSEHOLDERS advertising rooms to let are being imposed on by a rogue whose trick is particularly mean.

Booking the rooms for his wife and himself, he offers a deposit of £1, *but* wants to pay with a cheque made out for £2, and asks if he can have the balance in cash as he is short of ready money.

Short, thick-set and dark, he is an ingratiating individual, and has just been busy in Surrey.

* * *

NOTEPAPER and visiting-card touts are out.

Very persuasive, they offer what looks like a bargain and show attractive samples.

After securing half payment in advance, more if they can—nothing more is heard of them.

Many housewives in Middlesex have been taken in during the last few weeks.

* * *

A RIDICULOUS fiction is the Robha mascot being hawked by a bluffer from Rutter Street, Caldmore, Walsall, Staffs.

"This mysterious talisman of prosperity and luck can be traced back to 1,000 years B.C.," says his circular.

So can salt!

Help Me to Help Them

ER-Serviceman. Neurasthenia and tuberculosis.
Wife also seriously ill.
Two children, eleven and six years old.
All require nourishment.
Public Assistance, 37s. 6d. a week. Rent 14s. 6d.
Good reference from minister.

Ex-Serviceman. Wounded and gassed 1917.
Chronic bronchitis and asthma.
Wife suffering from diabetes.
Nine children—seven under fourteen years of age.

These pathetic cases are typical of the appeals pouring into the "Greatest of These" Fund

After the wonderful response to my last S O S, I am almost ashamed to make a special request once more, but when you have read these cases I think you will understand.

Send me what you can for the general fund, so that I can give immediate help in the cases I consider most urgent.

He's a Corker!

G. A. VARLEY'S endless cork tree at Coombe-in-Teignhead, Newton Abbot, Devon, is getting like the widow's barrel of flour.

He is still telling people that he cannot *sell* luck, but that if they send 1s. for a coloured photo and copy of the legend of the tree he will give them a large piece of cork!

They are asked to enclose 1½d. for postage. I'm beginning to feel quite sorry for that poor old cork tree.

There's a funny side to it, but really people are very foolish to go on being bamboozled by this commercialised fairy-tale.

Keep Out of Fool's Paradise

Public Benefactor

This week's £1 1s. goes to Mr. le Hurst, of 31, College Lane, Bury St. Edmunds, for information which has enabled me to identify a touring quack.

Mark your envelopes: "Public Benefactor."

ON my desk lies a great heap of letters from readers in all parts of the country who have been paying a minimum of 2s. a week to the Paramount Pool Sharing Club, of Faulkner Street, Manchester.

They expected to share in the big prizes which, they were told, were sure to come along.

* * *

Instead, they now realise they have been living in a fool's paradise.

Some members, after writing threatening letters, have received trifling amounts like 1s. 6d. as their portion of a kitty.

Naturally they looked for much more when it became known that one of the entries submitted by the club had won £300 in a well-known Pool.

The promoters, however, have disqualified the entry because it is one of their rules, which they have emphasised again and again, not to pay on coupons submitted for clubs or syndicates which advertise or circularise for members.

All the big Pools have a similar rule and I have drawn attention to it when cautioning readers not to join these touting clubs.

This Paramount Club is apparently continuing with Pools entries during the racing season.

If anyone contributes they will have only themselves to blame when the inevitable disillusion comes.

Queries for Mr. Willy

MOBILE ANIMAL DISPENSARIES, distressed because "our dumb friends" in many districts do not receive the treatment they require, is seeking public subscriptions.

A leaflet which has been sent out names L. Willy as the Appeals Organiser, but Mr. Willy is at present the whole concern.

It was registered by him as a private company on May 8, and in the registration details he is described as a free-lance advertising agent.

When one of my representatives called at 3, Amen Corner, London, E.C., stated to be the registered office, he found that it is really little more than an accommodation address, "used until the venture really got going."

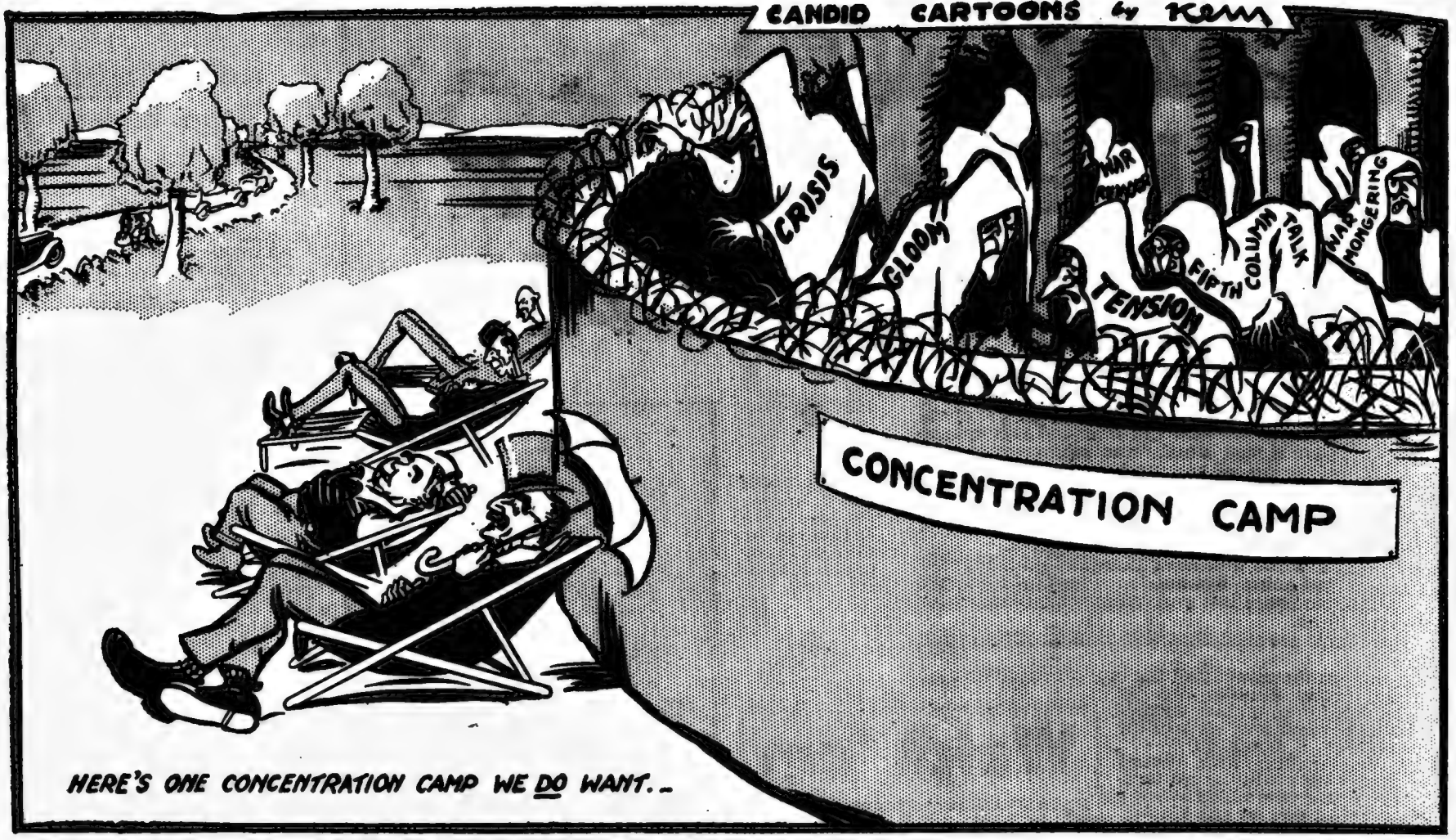
He was told that Mr. Willy was "out on the road most of the day."

My impression is that ample facilities already exist for the free treatment of animals.

Still, even if more dispensaries are needed, Mr. Willy's method does not seem the right way to obtain them.

Before asking for public money the name of a chairman and committee should be made known.

It should be made clear, too, whether collectors are paid by a percentage of their takings, and whether a statement of accounts will be published.



OPEN LETTERS

Mr. ERNEST BEVIN

DEAR MR. BEVIN,—A constructive peace policy is an aim to which everyone gives lip-service.

But so painfully little is being done to attain it that I should like to take Cabinet Ministers by the scruff of their necks and make them listen to your advice.

Britain must, as you say, return to its historic rôle of holding colonies as a trustee. It must not persist in keeping the Have-Not nations hungry and discontented.

The Have nations are uniting in defence. As you say:

"If all this power can be brought together for defence, could it not be brought together economically? If this were done we could say to the dictator countries, 'Put away war, and you can come in with us on the ground floor.'"

We are told that the time is not opportune for such agreements.

Yet to delay invites disaster, for every day the pile of arms grows greater. And reliance on arms must always be disastrous. —JOHN BULL.

Sir FREDERICK LEITH-ROSS,
Government's Economic Adviser

DEAR SIR,—This autumn and winter will be the most prosperous period in our recent history, declares Sir William Crawford, the advertising expert.

I do not think you will quarrel with this heartening view, nor with my own prediction that unemployment will fall to the million mark during the next few months.

But I shall not be content until our prosperity is shared among all who are willing to work.

You will serve the country well, I suggest, if you urge the Cabinet to promote public works schemes that alone will cure what is officially and coldly described as "the hard core of unemployment."—JOHN BULL.

Sir ROY ROBINSON,
Chairman, Forestry Commission

DEAR SIR ROY,—I hope you will not allow the cost of £100,000, caused by nearly three thousand forest fires, to persuade you to close State property to the public.

Most of the fires in the last eight years have been due to loutish litterbugs who not only disfigure the woods with picnic wrappings but throw cigarette-ends on sun-parched grass.

I am doing my best to educate them into decent behaviour; you, I suggest, might recruit volunteer patrols—a system that is proving successful on the Sussex downlands.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN ANDERSON, M.P.,
Lord Privy Seal

DEAR SIR,—The more I study your wartime evacuation plans the more half-hearted, ramshackle, senseless and perilous they appear.

I'm glad to hear, therefore, that you are thinking of adding such objectives as Coventry to the list of danger zones.

But why move only the babies, expectant mothers and the crippled into safety areas if trouble came? Why leave women and non-essential workers in houses adjoining gasworks and arms factories in target cities?

There are other glaring anomalies: no check on house profiteering or adequate water supplies in billeting areas, and so on. So you've a lot more thinking to do!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. O. STANLEY, M.P.,
President, Board of Trade

DEAR SIR,—You will disgrace your high office, flout the whole nation, if you lavish public money on shipowners who trade with sweated labour.

As the taxpayer's champion, I demand safeguards in your new subsidy scheme.

I urge you to adopt a labour leader's proposal that a ship shall not receive the subsidy unless the crew, irrespective of nationality, is paid the union rate in operation at the port of registry.

This would prevent unscrupulous owners from qualifying for public assistance while employing Asiatics at starvation wages and keeping British seamen jobless.—JOHN BULL.

The MEMBERS,
Children's Minimum Council

GENTLEMEN,—Vindication of your long campaign—and my own attacks on the "Starve 'Em Brigade"—appears in a new official report.

It admits that there are few places where all children are given enough food to enable them to follow their lessons properly. It urges local councils to provide more free milk and free meals.

Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN SIMON, M.P.

DEAR SIR JOHN,—Women are too old to work at sixty, declares a woman official. Doctors agree, because though women live longer than men, they age much more rapidly.

A miner complains to me that he has been sacked after fifty-six years' service. He cannot get other work because he lost an eye in a pit accident, cannot get public assistance because he lives with a daughter, and has to keep himself on his pension of 10s. a week.

Elderly couples tell me how, after paying rent, they are left with a shilling for a week's food.

These are tiny illustrations of the shocking inadequacy of the old-age pension.

For years you have coldly shut your ears to the cries of the aged whose lifetime of toil is rewarded by poverty and bitterness.

Eventually you will have to grant not merely bigger pensions but earlier pensions.

By yielding now you would avert suffering, stimulate employment, and prove yourself a worthy guardian of the public purse. —JOHN BULL.

Will this censure shame the paunchy aldermen who, unmoved by the pinched faces and frail limbs of hungry schoolchildren, continue to vote themselves joyrides at the ratepayers' expense? I wish I could think so.—JOHN BULL.

The CITIZENS, SALFORD

DEAR PEOPLE,—Let your chests swell with pride; the rest of us can only envy you.

Though you live in the second most-crowded area in Britain, not one of your schoolchildren has been killed on the roads during the last twelve months—thanks to play streets, an intensive safety campaign, and your co-operation.

The youngsters deserve the special holiday granted by the mayor. And lots of pigheaded officials in other cities deserve to be sent to Salford for lessons in common-sense safety!—JOHN BULL.

Capt. FERGUS MacCANN,
Secretary, R.S.P.C.A.

DEAR SIR,—An inhuman blackguard has been sentenced at Slough to six weeks' imprisonment for beating a mare which, when a policeman allowed it to lie down, gave birth to a foal.

Readers ask me what I think should be done in such cases. It's this: See that cruelty mongers are forbidden to work any horse in the future.

Will you not use your influence to get the law amended?—JOHN BULL.

A.G.G. says...

The visit of the King and Queen to the United States makes history. At a time when the fate of Democracy hangs in the balance, it proves the two greatest democracies think alike. Both nations make freedom a first condition of human life. Let the Dictators ponder on that

A Lesson to the World!

THIS week-end will be a landmark in history.

In any circumstances, the visit of the King and Queen to the President of the United States would be a memorable event, for it is the first occasion on which a reigning monarch of this country has visited the head of the great Republic on the other side of the Atlantic.

More than one hundred and fifty years have passed since the unhappy quarrel which led to the War of Independence and culminated in the separation of the American colonies from the British crown and the foundation of the mighty nation that to-day extends from the Atlantic seaboard to the Pacific and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico.

NO EVENT IN SECULAR HISTORY HAS HAD SO PROFOUND AN EFFECT ON THE DESTINIES OF THE WORLD.

It may be that but for that separation the centre of gravity of the British Commonwealth would to-day be in the Western hemisphere and the *Pax Britannica* would reign over the whole earth.

It may be. But, perhaps, without the lesson which "the embattled farmers of New England" gave to the autocratic monarch of Old England a century and a half ago there would have been no British Commonwealth as we know it to-day.

For, truly seen, the War of Independence announced the emancipation of mankind from the fetters of tyranny.

The whole gospel of human freedom was summed up in "No taxation without representation," and the flame of liberty that was lit in Boston passed thence to France and from France to England.

Warned by the fate that befel us in New England, we have built up the British Commonwealth of Nations on the basis of free, self-governing institutions.

Loyalty Saved

And it is no extravagance to say that the lesson which the loss of America taught us has enabled us to preserve the loyalty of the Dominions to the British system.

When the successor of George III and the successor of George Washington meet this week-end they will have common ground for congratulation.

They are the heads of the two greatest democracies in the world, and together those democracies are the standard-bearers of human freedom and international order.

THE EXAMPLE THEY HAVE GIVEN TO THE PEOPLES OF THE EARTH IS WITHOUT PARALLEL IN HUMAN RELATIONS.

It is a century and a quarter since they were last in physical conflict, and, so far as one can be certain of anything in human affairs, it is certain they will never be in physical conflict again.

There have been times, of course, when tempers ran high and grave issues were at stake. It was so in the Civil War and the Venezuelan controversy.

But always in the end wisdom and sweet reasonableness have prevailed, and I know of no achievement of the spirit of peace comparable with that which, ever since the Rush-Bagot agreement of 1815, has demilitarised the frontiers of the United States and Canada.

Unarmed

You may travel, as the King and Queen have just done, from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to far Vancouver and over the whole three thousand miles of territory where the United States and the British Dominion of Canada lie cheek-by-jowl you will not see a fort, or a ship of war, or even so much as a sentry with a bayonet.

Think of that sublime witness against the gospel of war in the light of the hideous spectacle which Europe presents to-day, with its Siegfried and Maginot lines, with every nation turned into an arsenal and with the whole Continent shuddering on the brink of a catastrophe that threatens to engulf civilisation.

COULD THERE BE MORE STRIKING EVIDENCE THAN THIS THAT DEMOCRACY, WITH ALL IT CONNOTES IN THE FREE PLAY OF THE HUMAN SPIRIT, IS THE ONE HOPE OF DELIVERANCE FROM THE CURSE OF WAR, AND DICTATORSHIP, WITH ITS RELIANCE ON BRUTE FORCE, THE ONE ENEMY OF MANKIND?

It is not without significance (which will not be lost on the dictators) that the first visit of a reigning sovereign of this country to the President of the United States should occur at a moment when the fate of democracy is in the balance.

We must not overstress that significance.

The visit of the King and Queen to Canada (itself an unprecedented event) provided the occasion for an invitation to them to extend their tour to the capital of the United States, and neither the invitation nor the acceptance must be supposed to have any political meaning.

But the visit, and the extraordinary enthusiasm it has aroused throughout America have a meaning of a deeper kind than any temporary or political consideration.

It is universally agreed that no event of the kind has ever stirred the popular imagination of America so much as this has done.

Eclipsed Crisis

For weeks past it has eclipsed even the European crisis, and the discussion of all the etiquette and formalities of the occasion has been the principal theme of the Press from New York to San Francisco and from Chicago to New Orleans.

It would be a mistake to attribute this interest to the snobbery of the Upper Crust of American society, or to the personal attractiveness of the young King and his consort, or even to the unique character of the occasion.

All these factors have contributed.

But the main cause of the fervour is much more impressive.

IN SPITE OF ALL OUR DISAGREEMENTS WITH AMERICA AND THE AMERICANS, AND IN SPITE OF ALL THEIR CRITICISMS OF US, THERE IS AN AFFINITY OF IDEAS, OF SYMPATHIES AND OF OUTLOOK BETWEEN THE TWO PEOPLES WHICH APPLIES TO NO OTHER TWO GREAT NATIONS ON THE GLOBE.

When we quarrel, we quarrel on the surface, and the deep undercurrents of our common life are undisturbed.

It is not merely that we speak the same speech, and have at the roots of our customs and practices a common origin.

Liberty First

It is that in all the great things of life we hold the same creed of conduct and worship at the same shrine.

We have not made a god of the State to grind us under his heel and to subdue us to the will of a tyrant.

To both of us personal liberty is the first condition of human life, and international order, based on law and not on force, the first condition of civilised relationships.

We have both dedicated ourselves to the principle of self-government, and it was the greatest of all Americans who, in the midst of a fratricidal war, declared that "government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth."

In that immortal phrase Lincoln uttered the thought deepest in the hearts of all who speak the English tongue to-day, whether they dwell in New England or Old England or in the islands of the utmost seas

That is the deeper meaning of the wave of emotion that has swept over the American continent in connection with the visit of the King and Queen to Washington.

Let the dictators ponder on all its implications.

The King and Queen outside the Federal Parliament Buildings at Ottawa. Mr. Mackenzie King, the Canadian Premier, is on the left. The friendliness of Canada and the United States, says A. G. G., is an example to Europe

"I thought old Pepper would burst a lung!"

1 My boss and I often come to town in the same train — when he catches it. This particular morning I saw him racing up the platform like an elephant practising a hundred-yards sprint.

2 He got into my carriage and flopped down beside me panting and hiccoughing. "You ought not to run like that, Mr. Pepper," I said. "It must be bad for you so soon after breakfast."

3 "Breakfast!" he thundered back at me. "That's the whole point. Breakfast is invariably late in my house. I have to bolt it down. It gives me indigestion — puts me out-of-sorts all morning."

4 "May I make a suggestion?" I said sweetly. "Why don't you ask Mrs. Pepper to serve the 30-second breakfast?" "What's that?" he asked. "Kellogg's," I explained. "They're marvellous *and* they take only 30 seconds to serve! And a bowlful with milk and sugar has as much energy value as 3 eggs." "Hmmm," he grunted, and that was all.

5 Three days later old Pepper came over to my desk, his face beaming like a sunrise. "I always knew you were a bright girl, Miss Ryan," he said. "But that suggestion you made about those Kellogg's tops everything. They make a grand breakfast!" And that Friday I found an addition in my pay-envelope — a crisp ten-bob note!

THE *30-Second Breakfast* HAS MORE ENERGY VALUE THAN 3 EGGS

AN ANALYSIS made at a leading dietetic centre shows that a plate of Kellogg's with milk and sugar has more energy value than 3 eggs! (Bowl of Kellogg's 223.26 calories, 3 average eggs 210 calories.) That's why workers everywhere find the 30-second breakfast so sustaining.

Kellogg's are quick and easy to serve, too. There's no cooking, so you save time — no messy saucepan to wash-up either. And the flavour! Those big golden flakes are so deliciously crisp that nobody can resist them. Ask your grocer for Kellogg's — only 5½d. for a big family packet.

Start the day right with **KELLOGG'S**

Be sure!

When you buy goods that are advertised in "John Bull"

YOU GET THE VERY BEST

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 20.

"BULLETS" 1,171 RESULT

(Continued from page 43)

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

F. E. BRASSINGTON, 17, Spath Lane, Handforth, Manchester.
When Auntie Went Camping—Took Trousers—And Trousseau!

Mrs. M. L. COATES, 19, Leach's Lane, Mancot, Queensferry, Chester.
When Grandpa Finished—Celebrating "Century," Run *In!*
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

A. G. DANE, "Windy Ridge," 88, Oxford Crescent, Didcot, Berks.
Sonny's A Rascal, But—Fido's Sore Tail's Wagging!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

L. DORNAN, 105, Sutton Road, Hull.
No War—To-night, Anyway—That's To-day!

W. HILL, 83, Birch Street, Ashton-under-Lyne.
Uproar In The Pub—Fortunately Only *Blood* Spilt!

A. INMAN, 11, Norfolk Road, Margate.
Wind Of Peace—Makes "Opening Newspaper" *Easier.*

Miss E. SYMONDS, Thornlea, Upper Colwyn Bay.
Missed The Boat—Auntie, While Packing Lifebelts!

Mrs. Y. S. WEBSTER, 174, Thornhill Close, Hangleton, Hove, Sussex.
Without Conscription—Until *Allies* " Attacked Us."
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

F. D. WELLS, "Greatfield," Framfield, Sussex.
Sonny's A Rascal, But—He's Swindled Young *Ikey!*

Mrs. WILLIAMS, 2, Railway Terrace, Skewen, Glam.
Ready For A Holiday—If Ever Relations Write!

List of 25 winners of 10s. and 200 2-in-1 Surprise Awards can be seen at these offices.

SPINSTER TOWN

IN her shabby little room somewhere in the heart of Bethnal Green, she sits at the open window listening to the roar of traffic pouring through London's East End and the shrill voices of children still playing in the streets.

Miss Reed—let us call her that—is tired out. She left for work at nine in the morning and has just returned at 8.15 p.m.

She is one of those aging spinsters whom someone has cruelly called "unwanted women"; a woman without a past, and, if not helped, without a future.

Miss Reed makes no secret of her age. She is fifty-two. Her once fair hair is now that rusty shade which threatens complete greyness in a year or two, and she wears thick glasses, for after years of fine needlework her eyesight is failing.

This little room with its cheap furniture and pictures, its iron bedstead and gas-ring decorously hidden by a muslin screen, is her world. She is lonely and by no means self-sufficient.

With hands folded in her lap, Miss Reed smiles resignedly and says: "Please don't reveal my name. I don't want everyone to know my troubles. . . ."

Then she told her story. How she began working with the firm when she left school. How, thinking only of helping to keep the "old folks," she allowed chances of marriage to pass her by.

And how, since the old people died, she has been terribly lonely and so often misunderstood.

"Now, at fifty-two, I cannot compete so well with younger women," she said. "But I must not admit it, even though it's hinted that I should make way for a youngster.

"Some of them call me crusty—but I'm not, really.

"MY EYES ARE FAILING. I KNOW THAT EVERY DAY I WORK SHORTENS THE TIME I MAY HAVE MY SIGHT. YET MY EFFICIENCY DEPENDS ON MY EYES.

"BUT what can I do?"

"Some way I've got to hang on to my job. If that goes, the odds against finding another are hopeless.

"Fifty-two . . . and, without a job, the prospect of living on relief indefinitely. . . . The future haunts me. I dare not think about it."

So Miss Reed suffers in silence, praying for some escape from this web of cruel circumstance, for some promise of security.

There are thousands of Miss Reeds in "Spinster Town," this euphemistically named Bethnal Green, where almost the only greenery is in an occasional window-box. They live alone or share the "third-floor backs" in most of its streets.

One in three of Bethnal Green's 30,000 women over twenty-one is unmarried. And that is not an isolated proportion, for there are "Spinster Towns" throughout Britain's populous industrial areas.

Why this high percentage of spinsters?

There are several contributory causes. In Bethnal Green women substantially outnumber men. The war, with its drain on the country's young manhood, is partly to blame. Also the big number of workshops and factories demanding female labour.

There are hundreds of families largely supported by women's earnings. And there is the rapid diminution of the working woman's chances of marriage when she passes the age of twenty-five.

All these factors have their effect, and the result is a district filled with lonely spinsters.

Often unable to afford a wireless set or an occasional cinema seat, they find solace in their limited leisure by going to the local public library or museum.

THE prejudice against the unmarried, aging woman is much stronger than against an aging man. In the anxious years of later middle life she lacks his strength and adaptability, but she receives much less consideration.

Occasionally one hears of stark tragedy.

One woman of education who lost her job through illness, after failing to get other work, finally went to the Liberal offices in Bethnal Green Road. There she was given a job addressing envelopes at election time. Her gratitude was pathetic.

Later she said that after working for twenty years in the warehouse of a well-known firm she was sacked to make way for a younger woman.

She had paid 1s. 2d. a week National Insurance for twenty years, when she fell out of insurance at fifty, but under the rules not one penny could be reclaimed.

Her visit to the Liberal offices led to further work and assistance, but the woman's health had been broken. She died from malnutrition.

And what hope is there for Miss S., a school-cleaner for thirty years?

At fifty-five she is crippled with arthritis, and can scarcely move. Her sickness benefit is 7s. 6d. a week. If she can exist on that for *ten years* she may draw the old-age pension.

Yet that 7s. 6d. is barely enough to pay for her dingy little room.

They told me in "Spinster Town" of a typist, a pretty woman of thirty-six. She has worked with a firm for twenty years, but her employers now hint they would prefer to give a younger woman a chance

AS a girl she sacrificed chances of marriage to support her widowed mother.

"I'm happy enough now, because I'm good at my work," she says. "If I lost this job I do not think it should be hard for me to find work for another seven or eight years.

"But after that God knows what may happen to me and mother—if she is still alive."

To-day she is in a good job. But in ten years' time, if she doesn't marry, her future will be dismal

Led by Miss Florence White, Spinsters' Champion, unmarried women from all parts of Great Britain will travel to London for the great rally of the National Spinsters' Pension Association this Saturday.

That is the reply of the 175,000 single women between the ages of fifty-five and sixty-five whose claim for pensions has been turned down by the Government.

Here a "John Bull" investigator describes the pathos and bravery to be found at Bethnal Green, birthplace of the new campaign—a "spinster town" where more than 10,000 of the 30,000 women on the voting register are unmarried.

Ten years ago a Bethnal Green woman left her work to devote her time and savings to nursing her aged and infirm parents.

Now they are dead and her money gone. Hope died in her long ago, but she goes on looking—and praying—for work that may never come.

These are just a few of the tragedies they have become used to in Bethnal Green.

No wonder Miss Florence White went there last month to launch her new campaign for spinsters' pensions at fifty-five.

Not that the problem is peculiar to Bethnal Green. It is nation-wide. The National Spinsters' Pension Association with its numerous branches is fighting the spinsters' cause all over the country.

Pensions for spinsters at fifty-five! One hundred and seventy-five thousand "unmarrieds" between fifty-five and sixty-five echo that cry.

To Bethnal Green and all the other "Spinster Towns" those few shillings would mean security and the banishment of fear. Is it too much to say they should be paid?

THE STONE IN THE COAL

HAVE you ever heard a loud explosion from your fireplace and seen burning coal flung to all parts of the room?

Any miner will tell you the reason—stone in the coal. A fragment, possibly no bigger than a marble, has passed through the mesh of the huge screens used at the collieries to separate the stone that you don't want from the coal that you do

Many disastrous fires have been started by stones that have eluded the screen, as one recent example will show.

It happened in a home in Yorkshire. The housewife had lit a cheerful fire in her sitting-room and then gone out for a few minutes.

When she returned it was to find that an explosion in the grate had flung red-hot coals all over the room, and that her settee, easy-chair, hearthrug, carpet, curb, even the curtains on the other side of the room, were ablaze.

It would have been a long time before that family could have refurnished the best room to its old standard of comfort if it hadn't been for one wise precaution.

Because the husband had signed a coupon he found in JOHN BULL, and so qualified for the protection of JOHN BULL'S unique free family insurance gift, we paid for the damage to their household possessions.

Have you taken that simple precaution? We want your signature, that's all. And the coupon is on page 2

NOTICE TO MILITIAMEN

Ex-Servicemen and soldiers still serving are grateful to "John Bull." In the War we stood up for the Tommies' rights. Ever since we have insisted on fair play for soldiers.

And we have fought until pensions were paid to men who had deserved them.

Now that Conscription has come a new generation may need our help. We promise it NOW.

Young Militiamen will be faced with problems; so will volunteers in all the armed services. We ask them to write to us. "John Bull" has set up a special department to deal with their queries.

So, if anyone is in doubt on any point, send particulars, as concisely as possible, to: Free Advice Dept., "John Bull," 92, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking envelope "Services" in top left-hand corner. Please also enclose stamped addressed envelope for reply.

Always in the picture

"Let's try this over again. It's a jolly piece" . . . Yes, and Player's always provide the perfect accompaniment. They're a popular score with smokers everywhere — always well worth repeating, whether it's a 'Medium' or a 'Mild' cigarette that is preferred

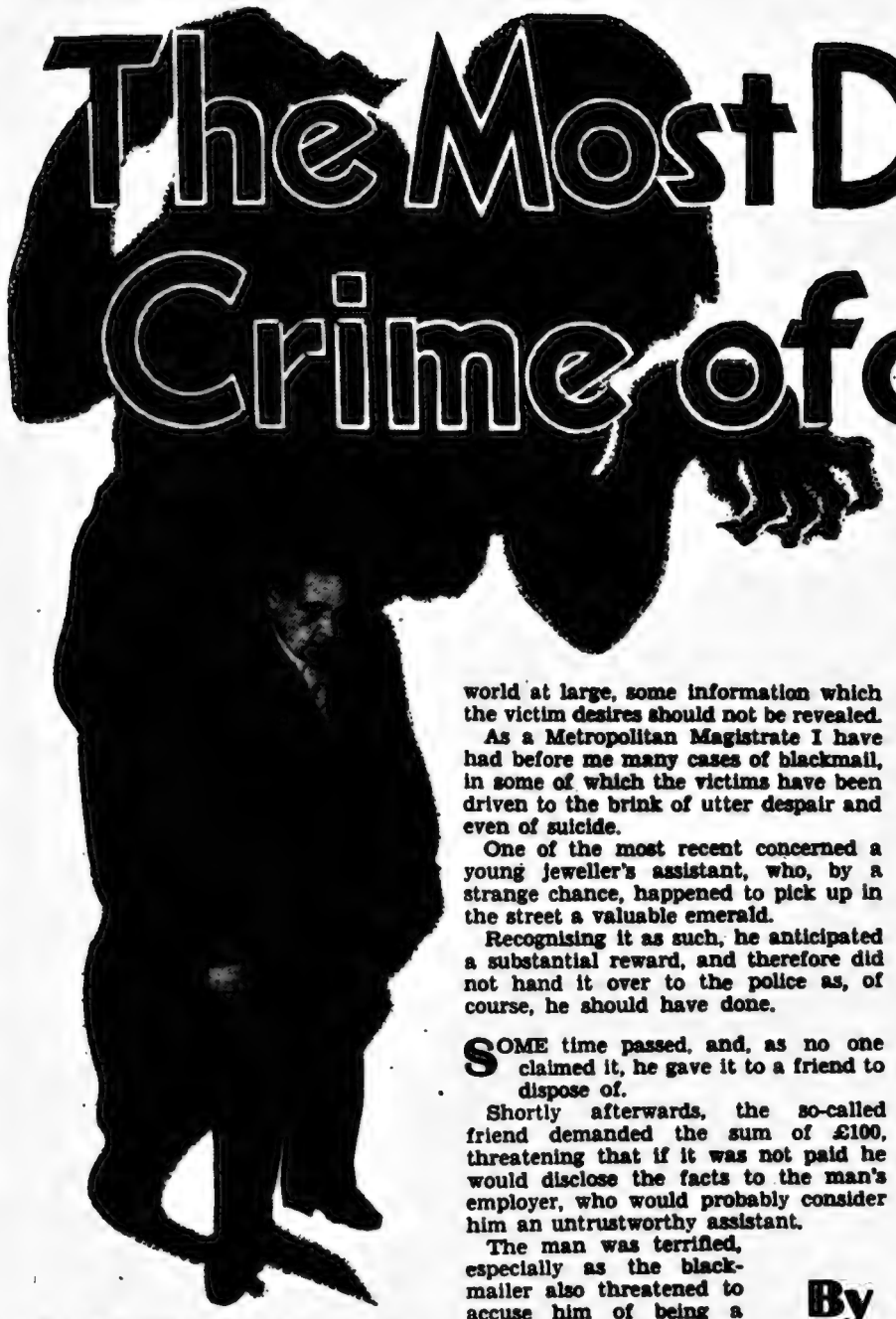
a popular 'score'

Player's Please

amytime . . everytime

MEDIUM OR MILD • CORK TIPPED OR PLAIN • 10 for 6½D • 20 for 1/0½D

The Most Despicable Crime of all!



"I have seen victims driven to the brink of utter despair and even suicide"

By Sir Gervais Rentoul K.C.

The Famous Metropolitan Magistrate

OF all criminals the poisoner and the blackmailer are the most despicable.

Both rely more often than not on an assumed friendship with their victims, and both seek to obtain their ends by torturing either the body or the mind.

Although "blackmail" is not a word to be found in any criminal Statute—the actual offence being that of demanding money with menaces—it is rightly regarded by the Law as being scarcely less heinous than murder and can be punished by penal servitude for life.

Despite the severe penalties, blackmail is far more prevalent than many people imagine, and it is certain that only a small percentage of cases ever come to light.

This is bound to be so, because generally speaking it is only the man or woman with something to hide who can be successfully blackmailed.

Therefore it is necessary for the victim to be goaded beyond endurance before he is willing to invoke police assistance.

YET, if people but realised it, the only safe way is to challenge the blackmailer to do his worst. He equally dreads publicity, and if the victim shows fight often thinks it best to retire and seek some more pliable quarry.

The great safeguard nowadays is that the prosecutor's name is kept secret. This has robbed the blackmailer of his most deadly weapon.

Blackmail takes many forms, but the essential feature is always the same. It is the extortion of money or some material advantage by the threat to disclose to relatives or friends, or to the world at large, some information which the victim desires should not be revealed.

As a Metropolitan Magistrate I have had before me many cases of blackmail, in some of which the victims have been driven to the brink of utter despair and even of suicide.

One of the most recent concerned a young jeweller's assistant, who, by a strange chance, happened to pick up in the street a valuable emerald.

Recognising it as such, he anticipated a substantial reward, and therefore did not hand it over to the police as, of course, he should have done.

SOME time passed, and, as no one claimed it, he gave it to a friend to dispose of.

Shortly afterwards, the so-called friend demanded the sum of £100, threatening that if it was not paid he would disclose the facts to the man's employer, who would probably consider him an untrustworthy assistant.

The man was terrified, especially as the blackmailer also threatened to accuse him of being a receiver of other stolen goods. The money therefore was paid, although it represented almost his entire savings.

But, as usual, further demands were made, and it was even suggested that he should steal the money from his employer. The victim became more and more involved and was on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

His young wife, in desperation, finally decided to go to the police, as should have been done in the first instance, and the blackmailer was brought to book.

Another case was that of a philanthropic gentleman who unwisely got into conversation with a lad of seventeen on a bus.

The boy told him a "hard luck" story about being unemployed and without a friend in London. The gentleman promised to try to help him find a job, and undertook to call at his lodgings next day.

This he did, but he had only been there a few minutes when two men rushed into the room and accused him of immoral practices with the lad and threatened to call the police unless he paid them £500 to keep their mouths shut.

He promised to pay, and an appointment was made at a City bank next morning.

Very properly he went straight to Scotland Yard, and the blackmailers were caught red-handed just as the gentleman was about to hand over the money.

Another prevalent form of blackmail is that of individuals threatening to publish libels about a business or company with which the victim happens to be associated.

Even though the accusations are groundless, there is always the fear that the shareholders or potential investors will be frightened and withdraw their money or refuse to invest.

It is in America that blackmail has become a national menace.

As an evil legacy of the absurd experiment in prohibition, racketeers of various kinds have sprung up who levy toll on thousands of innocent victims compelled to pay through fear of injury to their lives, children or property.

The notorious "Lindbergh Baby" case is only one instance of the lengths to which these blackmailing gangsters will go.

Similar gangs of racketeers used to infest the East End of London, and blackmail alien shopkeepers, coffee-stall proprietors and others.

If they refused to pay, it was easy for the gang to start a row, in the course of which the shop or stall would be completely wrecked, and often the victim hit over the head with a broken bottle.

Fortunately, this kind of terrorism is now a thing of the past.

Of course, there have been occasions when the police themselves have taken a hand in the game.

Indeed, it was to the blackmail and corruption of certain highly placed and distinguished police officers some fifty years ago that we owe the reorganisation of Scotland Yard and the creation of the now world-famous Criminal Investigation Department or C.I.D.

Ten or fifteen years before the close of the last century a clever group of swindlers, all well known to the police, carried out an elaborate and daring scheme of plunder.

A French Countess and a number of other wealthy people were robbed of many thousands of pounds by being induced to enter into some wholly bogus transactions on the Turf.

The investigation of these frauds was in the hands of three or four trusted and experienced police officials, of whom the most notable were Chief Inspectors Druscovich and Meiklejohn.

Yet in spite of the apparent diligence and recognised acumen of these officers, the swindlers time and again evaded arrest by the skin of their teeth and carried on their frauds entirely unchecked.

Public opinion was seriously alarmed at the failure of the police, and the authorities, having complete faith in the officers concerned, confessed themselves baffled.

Finally, the suspicions of the Solicitor-General, Sir Hardinge Giffard (afterwards the great Lord Halsbury) were aroused.

Secretly he sent for a number of police officers from Liverpool without telling them why they had been summoned.

He met them himself at Euston and personally placed the warrant in their hands.

This time the raid was successful, and the swindlers were rounded up.

Thinking, quite wrongly, that they had been betrayed by Druscovich and Meiklejohn, they then made statements, which were at first entirely disbelieved, involving not only these two officers but other trusted officials as well.

Enquiries, however, were set on foot, and letters and telegrams discovered giving the conspirators information of intended action against them and enabling them to escape.

The police officers were arrested, and the subsequent trial at the Old Bailey was the longest that has ever taken place in that Court.

One of Meiklejohn's letters was in the following terms:—

Dear Bill,—Rather important news from the north. Tell H. S. and the young one to keep themselves quiet. In the event of a smell stronger than now they must be ready to scamper out of the way. The brief is out, if not it will be to-morrow, so you must be sure to keep a good look-out.

IT was explained that "brief" meant warrant, and that Meiklejohn's reward for this little service was £500.

Three of the racecourse gang fled to Holland and were actually arrested by the Dutch police.

Druscovich had no alternative but to bring his confederates back to England.

But he had no idea that he was being shadowed by other officers every yard of the way, and he was actually engaged with Meiklejohn and his associates at the Yard in connection with routine duties on another case, when they were all arrested.

Druscovich was taken completely by surprise. "My God," he could only exclaim. "I—I—God help me." Then he collapsed.

These arrests naturally created an enormous sensation and threatened to destroy public confidence in the police.

As a result the Government set up a special enquiry, a drastic scheme of supervision was imposed, and the detective force entirely reorganised.

In more recent times there have been rare occasions when the conduct of the police has been challenged.

The fact that these are so few and far between is the best proof that can be given of the high traditions of loyalty and honour now existing in the Force as a whole.

NOTHING would be more disastrous than if the public ever again were to lose their faith in our blue-coated guardians of law and order.

Corruption of public servants and blackmail of individuals are two of the greatest evils from which any civilised community can suffer.

Let it not be forgotten that the basis of all successful blackmail is fear, but that anyone who is terrorised in this way can now safely seek the protection of the police and the Courts.

There can be complete confidence that secrets will not be revealed.

Every judge and magistrate is determined to do his utmost to stamp out this diabolical form of crime, which has been well described as "murder of the soul."

Concluding

SILENCE FOR HIS WORSHIP!

All along the line SHREDDED WHEAT

THE 5 FOOD-VALUES IN SHREDDED WHEAT

1 *Vitamin 'B'*	FOR GROWTH
2 *Proteins*	FOR BODY-BUILDING
3 *Mineral Salts*	FOR NEW TISSUES
4 *Carbo-hydrates*	FOR ENERGY
5 *Bran*	FOR REGULARITY

THERE'S HEALTH IN EVERY HELPING!

There are five big reasons for the highly-favoured place which Shredded Wheat occupies on the Breakfast Tables of Britain to-day. Ask the children for one of them and up they will shout—"We like its jolly wheaten flavour—it's just grand with hot or cold milk, with honey or fruits." Now ask mother what she thinks. "When I serve Shredded Wheat I know I am giving the family the finest of all nourishment—that of pure, whole wheat in its lightest, nicest, most beneficial form. Thus the health of all is safeguarded. Shredded Wheat is a boon in the kitchen too, as it can be served hot or cold, sweet or savoury, at a moment's notice without the trouble and expense of cooking." And as for dad—well he insists there's no food like Shredded Wheat for satisfying and sustaining a man with a hard day's work in front of him. No wonder more folk are eating Shredded Wheat to-day than ever before. Eightpence per packet.

MADE BY THE SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, LTD., WELWYN GARDEN CITY, HERTFORDSHIRE. (Pratts)

ECZEMA — SKIN RASH —

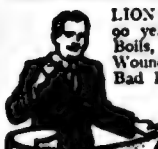
READ THIS NURSE'S TESTIMONY to D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION

Nurse K.D., C.M.B., Ealing, writes: "I have put D.D.D. Prescription to severe tests. One was the case of a girl with a horrid sore scalp. I applied D.D.D. Prescription and to-day I had the satisfaction of seeing scales and sores almost gone. The second was the case of a woman with eczema all over her face. After the third day it was scarcely visible. For myself, I have applied it to my own face, which is suffering at the moment with a somewhat unsightly rash which irritates frightfully. The D.D.D. Prescription has taken away the inflamed appearance of the rash, cooled the skin and allayed irritation; its general effect being most soothing."

D.D.D. Brand Prescription can safely be recommended to give instant relief and quickly overcomes eczema, psoriasis, dermatitis, ulcers, boils and unsightly sores. Splendid, too, for Dandruff. Sold by Chemists everywhere, price 1/3 a bottle.

FREE TRIAL BOTTLE — A generous free trial bottle of D.D.D. Prescription will be sent to all who forward name and address to D.D.D. Laboratories (Dept. M.N. 10), Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4.

D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION



LION Ointment will clear them away! 90 years' use has proved it sure—for Boils, Carbuncles, Eczema, Septic Wounds, Abscesses, Hæmorrhoids; even Bad Legs.

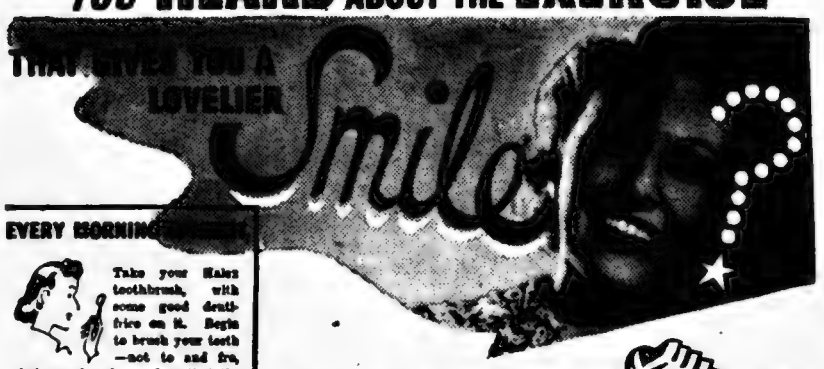
Why Suffer CARBUNCLES?

"Acts like Magic" Miss M. E. D.

It's so QUICK! Infection OUT; then forms a clean new healthy skin. Safe even for infants.

BURGESS' LION OINTMENT From Chemists 1/3, 3/-, 5/-. 1/3

HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT THE EXERCISE THAT GIVES YOU A LOVELIER Smile



EVERY MORNING

Take your Halex toothbrush, with some good dentifrice on it. Begin to brush your teeth—not to and fro, but round and round so that the springy Halex bristles get into every crevice.

Now brush the insides of your teeth. Decay could start just as easily here! With the well-designed Halex brush you can reach the remotest corners.

Brush your gums, too. The springy bristles of a Halex toothbrush give them gentle massage, stimulating the brisk circulation that keeps them firm and healthy.

That's it! Now doesn't your mouth feel invigorated? Everyone finds it's a wonderful exercise for brightening smiles.

If you want to exercise charm—exercise your *smile*! Do Halexercise! You must use a Halex toothbrush, for only the springy Halex bristles can give teeth and gums this invigorating exercise—only the springy Halex bristles can search out and clean every cranny—only the springy Halex bristles can polish your teeth to dazzling white, massage your gums to a healthy coral pink. Two minutes' brisk Halexercise wakes up your mouth, stimulates it to exhilarating freshness. Then you just can't help facing life with a smile! Start Halexercise to-day!

Nine shapes, from 6d. to 2/-. Made in England by Halex Limited, Hale End, London, E.4.

1/-
The Halex short-head, one of the three best shilling brushes.
1/-
The Halex brush that has a tuft at the end.
1/-
The Halex brush with a long head.

It's called HALEXERCISE

—DO IT WITH A HALEX TOOTHBRUSH

The brush with SPRINGY bristles

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in JOHN BULL carries with it a "money back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—TESTED JB In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

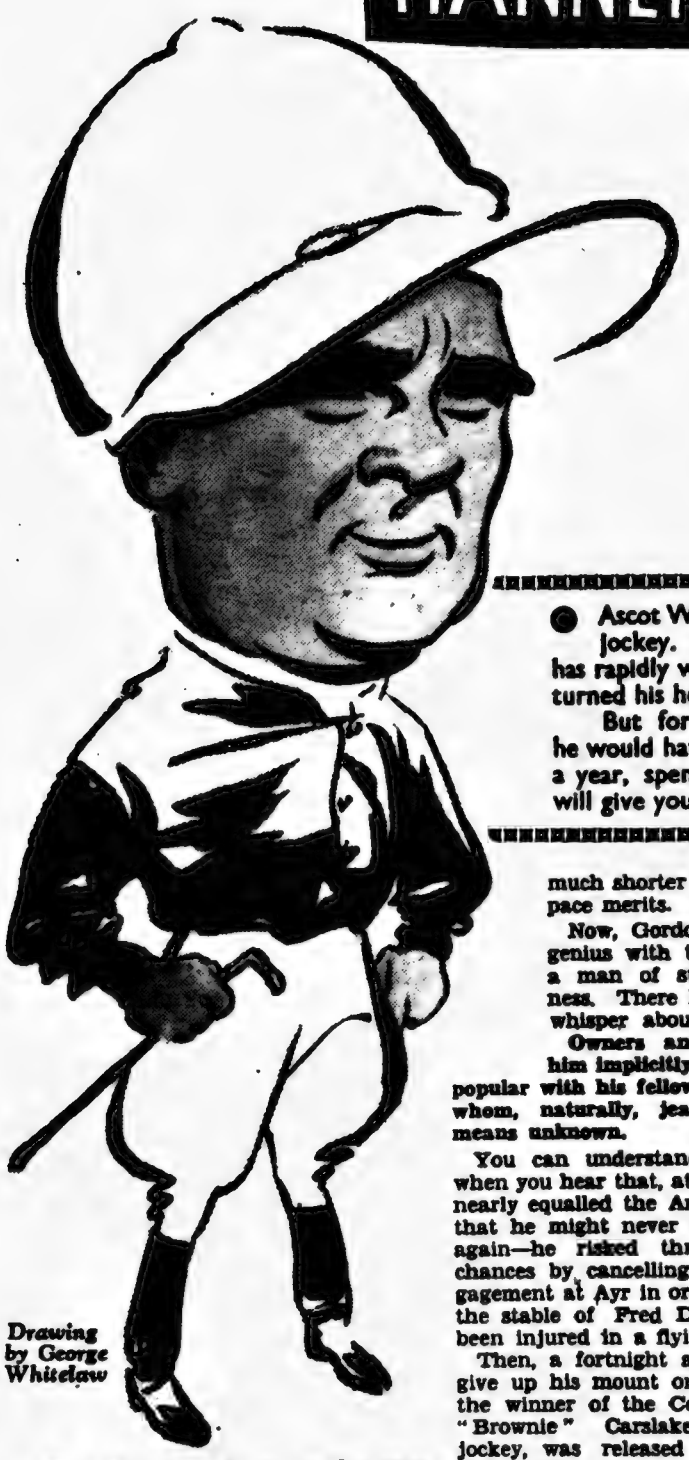
Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in JOHN BULL.

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in JOHN BULL and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of JOHN BULL.

HANNEN SWAFFER'S WHO'S WHO

You Can Put Your Shirt On Gordon



Drawing by George Whitelaw

Ascot Week next week and all eyes will be on the champion jockey. For, since Steve Donoghue retired Gordon Richards has rapidly won the heart of the crowd. Yet popularity has not turned his head.

But for two girls with whom he worked at a colliery he would have been a miner to-day. Instead, he earns £20,000 a year, spends only a fifth of it. Whatever happens Gordon will give you a run for your money.

"I AM pleased to make way to Gordon. There is no better horseman in the world."

So it was that Steve Donoghue paid tribute to his successor when he retired from riding.

We were dining Steve at the Dorchester. In the middle of the speech-making Gordon Richards stood on a chair, so that we could see him, and returned all the compliments. We laughed at his shortness; but we applauded the directness of his utterance.

He recalled his excitement on the day when he, an apprentice at Foxhill, first saw Steve, who had come down to try out a horse.

Ever since, Steve's superb horsemanship had been his model, his ideal. He had learned from him more than from anyone. Then the time came when, at last, he was champion jockey in Steve's place!

More than that, Gordon has broken the all-time record of the turf—Fred Archer's feat of winning 246 races in a season. He passes into racing history as the hero of an accomplishment that may never be beaten.

Mind you, it is not always wisdom to back his mounts. He has too many followers—people who follow his horses blindly, so that they often start at much shorter prices than their pace merits.

Now, Gordon is not only a genius with the reins. He is a man of sterling steadfastness. There has never been a whisper about his riding.

Owners and trainers trust him implicitly. And he is very popular with his fellow jockeys—among whom, naturally, jealousy is by no means unknown.

You can understand his popularity when you hear that, at the time he had nearly equalled the Archer record—one that he might never have approached again—he risked throwing away his chances by cancelling a three-day engagement at Ayr in order to assist with the stable of Fred Darling, who had been injured in a flying crash.

Then, a fortnight ago, he offered to give up his mount on Scottish Union, the winner of the Coronation Cup, if "Brownie" Carslake, the original jockey, was released from Mormond Hill. That was because he knew "Brownie" loved to ride Scottish Union.

The race was, of course, at Epsom, where Gordon can win anything except the Derby. Seconds, so far, are the best he can do.

This year he was second to Eph Smith, who may one day take his place.

Yet Steve, his great predecessor, won the Derby three times running.

Mind you, in spite of his popularity, Gordon has not yet won the affection which Steve enjoyed with the racing public. Probably no jockey ever will.

Steve was unique, magnetic, all on his own. They used to shout, "Come on, Steve," even when they hadn't backed him.

Gordon's life is by no means a bed of roses. When dawn breaks, he drives away from his home near Marlborough. By six o'clock he is sixty miles away, doing his gallops.

AFTER breakfast he often has to go a hundred miles in his car to a race meeting, where he may have five mounts. After that there is a drive of a hundred miles home. Then, usually, it is bedtime.

As for his wife, when she found herself the centre of a group of smart people at St. Moritz, during a recent winter, she surprised it by saying, No, she did not go to dinners, nor to dances.

"What do you do?" someone asked.

"I cook," she said. "I look after Gordon."

That remark expressed the simplicity of life in the Richards' household.

And that simplicity is all the more remarkable because Gordon is earning at least £20,000 a year. . . .

Profiting by the lesson of other jockeys who have lived rich and died poor, he is careful with his money. Not mean, but business-like.

He saves four-fifths of his income, and shrewdly puts it away in safe companies.

Business offers are made to him every week. He considers them with astuteness . . . and usually turns them down.

His aim is to have £100,000 invested before he retires.

GORDON started life humbly, and he has never forgotten it. His father was a miner in Shropshire, and, but for the fact that he took the chance of entering a racing stable, he would have been a miner, too.

"I should have *wanted* to be a miner if I hadn't entered the stables," he tells you. "The pit is all right."

But one day, before he was fifteen, two girls in the pit-store warehouse in which Gordon worked saw in a paper that Martin Hartigan was advertising for a stable apprentice.

They not only said, "Why don't you apply, Gordon?" but actually wrote the letter for him.

So, because of the two girls, Gordon was earning when he was twenty-five, not the £2-odd a week that he would have got as a miner, but £10,000 a year!

Instead of digging in darkness and dust, in the bowels of the earth, he was cantering over a heath in the morning, and in the afternoon riding like mad while the crowds cheered!

Yes, by then he was champion jockey.

He is modest about it. He has "been very fortunate." That is the limit of his boast.

People who talk about the wickedness of the turf may be surprised to know that Gordon does not smoke or drink, and that he usually goes to church on Sunday evenings!

YOU see him at his best, though, when, after having won another championship, he invites his fellow jockeys and the racing reporters to a banquet.

Then he dispenses hospitality with a charm that delights everybody, and he makes his little speech, looking like a boy.

In his earlier days Gordon's style was criticised. Steve Donoghue, Joe Childs, Fred Fox and other veterans were daily exhibiting on the course examples of classic horsemanship.

"Richards lacks finesse," said experts.

But he wore down their objections by his amazing wins, sometimes five in a day. At Chepstow he once won all six races!

He has short legs, so that he has to use shortened stirrups; and short arms that need a lengthened rein.

But these are part of a frame that has much muscle. And they are directed by a brain that is determined to win, a mind that is inflexible.

Well, there was only one Steve. Now there is only one Gordon!

"The Greatest of These . . ."

CAN you remember what heroes our British Tommies were in 1918? Back from France they were feted, cheered, mobbed, wherever they went.

But as twenty years went by and the glamour faded many of them were forgotten.

Bravely they tried to take their places in civilian life. Some, broken by war wounds, found jobs beyond their reach. Still they struggle on. Heroes have become paupers.

And as a last resort they write to us. Hundreds of them beg for help which the country should be proud to give. Let Thomas Connolly, of Manchester, speak for them:

Help his father!

"Ever since I came out of the Army," he says, "I have been in the care of a doctor trying to cure my bronchitis and gastric trouble. I have 29s. 6d. unemployment benefit to maintain my wife and two children. I owe rent and cannot buy enough food."

Thomas Connolly will be put on our long waiting-list. For others just as deserving need help. Will you send us a donation to save him and his brother ex-soldiers?

All donations should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

All administration expenses connected with the fund are borne by JOHN BULL.

* * *

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current list will be sent on application.

Underground Man

EDITOR'S NOTE

We came across Reginald Garbutt, sometime scholar of Aberdeen University, while we were investigating certain international intrigues in which he had played a part.

Having broken with his confederates, he was willing to talk. He told us what we wanted to know.

But also he revealed such startling facts about his career as a renegade Englishman working as a secret agent against Britain and her friends that we asked him to write down the whole story.

The result, the series which begins to-day, is an amazing revelation of what is happening underneath the European scene.

Behind the statesmen and diplomats, behind all the international agreements and disagreements, are the Underground Men—the secret agents, the spies, the schemers, the eavesdroppers, the trouble-makers.

Reginald Garbutt has been one of that company for six years. As an Underground Man, during that time he has helped to lay the gunpowder train for some of the greatest explosions in history.

His confession, which we have checked and rechecked, and for which we can vouch completely, is one of the most sensational documents of our times.

It gives you, too, with a candour which can seldom have been equalled, a picture of the strange soul of a strange man.

THIS article will probably represent so much reading matter to you.

To me, it represents the last act in this world of Reginald George Patrick Garbutt.

By the time it appears in print I shall have started life in a new country under a new name, without background, without friends.

My British passports, numbers 278,381 and 89,114, will have been burned if the Editor of JOHN BULL obeys my request.

So will my papers as an Aberdeen University student, my testimonials, and every other document which would establish my identity.

I do not want them. I shall never want them again. Reginald George Patrick Garbutt is dead.

Killing him is about the manliest thing I have done since I pledged myself first to Conrad Heinlein, the Hitler of Sudetenland, and after that to Herr Himmler, head of the dreaded Nazi secret police known as the Gestapo, to act on behalf of Germany wherever it might lead me.

FOR SIX YEARS, AS A BOGUS PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH IN CENTRAL EUROPE, I HAVE BEEN A JUDAS ISCARIOT.

I have worked against the interests of Britain and France whenever it has been in the interests of Germany and of Reginald Garbutt.

I played my part, as an Underground Man, in bringing about the collapse of Czechoslovakia, a collapse that was the most terrible threat to the youth of Europe since August, 1914.

And so I remained until I realised that the Gestapo wanted me for its own purposes alone, that its ever-tightening grasp on me had to be broken soon or never at all, until I realised I was just an Underground Man in the affairs of Europe.

There are Englishmen of my type in Germany still.

WHAT holds them? You will know when I tell you what held me.

First, money. Whenever Heinlein or Himmler gave me my instructions a wallet packed with the paper currency of six countries was laid between us, as you would open your cigarette-case for your friends.

In the second place, words. Both Himmler and Heinlein I have known to weep at their own eloquence, at their own reasons why I should fight on for Germany.

BUT MORE OF THAT WHEN I DESCRIBE IN DETAIL WHAT EFFORTS WERE MADE TO TURN ME INTO A RENEGADE. GERMANY STILL KNOWS HOW TO MANUFACTURE ROGER CASEMENTS.

The point is that Germany is still seeking young Britons to work against their country.

If I can show the methods, and by showing the methods help to stop this recruiting, I will have helped to undo a little of the wrong I have done my country.

I was born in India, in 1897, of very well-to-do parents.

My father died when I was very young, and I was sent to England at the age of nine to start my schooling. My contact with any sort of home life ended the day I left India.

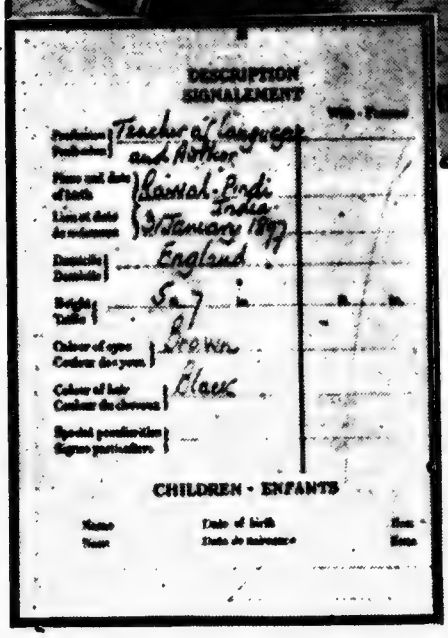
Boarding school was no substitute. In those days—I cannot speak for to-day—a mistrust and even dislike of everything that was not English permeated every boys' school.

I tried to become one of them, but I couldn't. I was the "boy from India," as foreign to them as a curly-headed Hottentot.

If I could only impress them as a warrior I might find friends.

But my father had not lived long enough to teach me to scrap, and I had been rather spoiled after his death.

TWELVE SOLID MONTHS OF GOOD HIDINGS WAS WHAT I GOT, NOT FRIENDSHIP.



DESCRIPTION
SIGNALEMENT

Profession | Teacher of Language and Author
Place and date of birth | Rawal-Pindi India. 3rd January 1897
Nationality | England
Height | 5 ft 7 in
Colour of eyes | Brown
Colour of hair | Black
Special peculiarities | —

CHILDREN - ENFANTS

Name | Date of birth | Sex

Reginald Garbutt's passport details

I saved every penny of my pocket money so that I could spend the lot, in one wild burst, on any boy who had said one kind word to me or about me.

That did nothing but make me a stranger and rarer specimen in the eyes of the lads who benefited. It never made me a friend.

I moved on to a public school. There was money behind me, if nothing else.

There I met boys who were prepared to be kind to me, but I never met friendship.

At the North of Scotland College of Agriculture it was pretty well the same. There was no hostility to me, but my mind was now in the mood to see contemptuousness in every word and gesture of my fellow-students.

STILL, one friend could have saved me from that, and I couldn't meet that friend.

At Aberdeen University I found myself studying hard so that I could get a good job in India, Africa, Kenya—anywhere so long as I was among people whom I thought could understand me better, and even like me.

And, after a post-graduate course in philosophy at a German University, where I made just one friend, and so told myself that Germany was a greater and far more understanding country than Britain, my chance came.

In five years I made five business explorations of the West African coast from French Senegal to the Belgian Congo.

Then, in 1928, I was made foreign representative of a firm of merchant bankers with headquarters in London and New York, a job which kept me travelling continuously in Europe, Egypt, India, Java and the West Indies—and, what was more important, kept me happy.

I was earning a lot of money—up to £3,000 a year—meeting a lot of people, seeing a lot of things.

Until one day when a messenger boy brought a letter from England to my suite in the Galle Face Hotel, Colombo.

My firm was bankrupt. My job was gone. The tradesmen to whom I owed thousands of rupees in the district—for one lives on credit in the East—hadn't the meagrest chance of getting their money.

I slipped out of Colombo like a rat.

BACK in London, I walked the streets without money. I felt strangely resentful against the English people round me, even about that.

I sold my admitted claim against my old company to a comparative stranger for £10, far less than it was worth, and with my last two pounds set out for Paris.

I all but starved for a time in France, teaching English at less than a roadmender's wages in this country.

And after a few months—fruitful soil for any anti-British movement that might want to exploit me, although I didn't realise it at the time—I went to Vienna.

Now I must hurry over much that is unimportant.

What interest can it be to anybody that I went teaching English, and sometimes lecturing, all over the Continent.

Yet somebody seemed to have noticed it.

Herbert Kühnel came to me. He was a district leader for the Nazis in Sudetenland, where his father had been a postal worker under many, many *régimes* since before the war.

Confessions of a Secret Agent

This is what is happening in Danzig to-day—Nazi propaganda, meetings, marches everywhere. Last year it happened in Prague . . . and Reginald Garbutt tells you how and why

"YOU LOVE THE GERMAN YOUTH," HE SAID. "I KNOW YOU LOVE THEM. YOU FEEL FOR THEM. I KNOW IT."

"I do like them," I said.

"Splendid," he said. "You will help them."

"How?"

He just smiled. "You will be told."

I cannot tell you in detail what followed. I found young Germans rallying round me. Young Slovaks, too, talking of Slovak destiny, the urgency of separation from the Czechs.

They asked me to go on the week-end jaunts they loved so much, and I went.

They called me "the English professor," and I was flattered. But not so flattered as I was at the fact that at last I was finding friends.

Money, too. Scores of them wanted to learn English. At last I was earning sufficient for my needs again.

For months my life was one round of calling on young Germans and Slovaks and having them call on me, meeting their parents, entering their homes, telling them how sorry I was for them in their oppression.

Among them was Rolf Zimmerman. I think he was about twenty then. Hitler has since marked him down as the perfect Aryan boy, and he is to-day the Fuehrer's private messenger.

LATER I was to meet him in the company of Herr Himmler, but more of that later. He said to me: "Is your love of German Youth so strong that you will help it?"

I answered: "Tell me how I can help and I will consider it."

Just as enigmatically as before I was assured: "You will be told."

No mention of what was expected of me, even now. No hint that I was to do anything more than help the young people among whom I moved.

Certainly no suggestion that I was earmarked to help the Gestapo.

That was to come.

It began with an invitation from Heinlein, delivered verbally by a young Nazi leader.

I went to his house, prepared to stay for one night at the most. I ended up by being kept five weeks.

Heinlein's house I found was a big, modern villa of the type a prosperous stockbroker might be proud to own.

The first peep in its hall told me that it was sumptuously furnished.

I was shown into a back room, the parlour, to find myself face to face with a schoolmasterish-looking man whose every word sounded like a command.

IT WAS HEINLEIN. HE OFFERED ME HIS HAND, BADE ME BE SEATED. HE WAS TRYING TO BE CHARMING, BUT HE COULDN'T AVOID SOUNDING AS IF HE WERE DRILLING ME ON A PARADE GROUND.

HIS wife bustled in to be introduced, a blonde woman who was sparklingly forceful, brimming with life and energy, and yet somehow missed looking pretty.

I have met few people more virile looking than Heinlein—but one of them is his wife.

While she prepared English tea for me—on later visits during my five weeks' stay in the town I was given Scotch whisky and soda instead—he talked about the weather, school-teaching, anything but the subject he was obviously so anxious to approach.

In fact, when he did come to the point, it was suddenly, just when I wasn't expecting it, with the words: "Mr. Garbutt, I have reason to believe that you are prepared to go to any lengths to support what is our idea of exalting German youth to a proper place in the sun."

He spoke in English, just after he had been addressing me in German. I felt from that that he was anxious to avoid any misunderstanding. Also, he barked the words out in his parade-ground manner. He just couldn't help it.

I stammered something about believing in the German Youth movement "as I saw it constituted," but he would have nothing of that. He wanted a plain answer.

To help me frame one he quoted certain phrases I had used.

"You said those words?" he asked.

I told him I did. "It is enough, if you mean them," he replied.

"I mean them," I answered.

He moved his chair so that he sat with his knees almost touching mine, and with his eyes looking straight into mine. Then——

"Mr. Garbutt," he told me, "I wouldn't have approached you if I had not heard from everyone we can trust that you are a man who will do everything he can from the best of all motives, and who wouldn't let us down."

For two hours after that, he told me what I would be expected to do.

"You will have to have a regular job," he said. "A job that will be some explanation in itself of why you should move about a lot and talk to many people.

"You will be taken to Prague to meet Captain Taylor, the British Consul there. He will know nothing more than that you are an ambitious young Englishman anxious to settle down in this part of the world.

"He will give you an introduction to our Consul there, who you will find most ready to give you his recommendation to teach in the schools of Prague.

"The rest will be arranged for you. As a teacher, all sorts of appointments will be made for you. You will find yourself teaching

Himmler—master of the German secret service, for whom Garbutt worked

English to people of all shades of opinion.

"You will be able to find out their innermost thoughts quite well. Ask them questions that tend to bring out the answers you want.

"IF they are suspicious it is easy to say that there's no political motive in asking it, that your sole object is to teach a language.

"NOT WITHOUT REASON ARE THE PEOPLE MOST USEFUL TO US CALLED PROFESSORS OF LANGUAGES. THEY MAY MOVE WHERE THEY WILL. THEY CAN ASK WHAT QUESTIONS THEY LIKE. NOBODY SUSPECTS THEM.

"You will report to us the names of any young students under your care who are anxious to free themselves from the yoke of the Czechs.

"We are particularly anxious that you should remain friends with those young men after they have begun their military service. Get invited to their barracks. Meet their army friends. We want their names, too.

"The Czech army must be made an army that would never strike Germany, even if its leaders should order it.

"One other thing: all the way along our frontier, and on both sides of the line, are little wooden huts.

"Ours is an open-air movement for youth, you know. It is fitting that we should have these open-air huts for health's sake."

He laughed at that joke.

"YOU will be a regular carrier of messages from me to those huts. The buildings on the other side of the frontier will be served with a messenger from Munich.

"You should have no difficulty in crossing and recrossing the frontier with your English passport, but don't worry about that. You will be given details of plenty of alternative roads through the pine forests."

Once I asked him how I should get on with the Czechoslovakian authorities.

"Don't worry too much about that," he said. "There are Czechoslovakian authorities, even Czech members of Parliament, who don't worry overmuch about being bluffed."

Now he took out his wallet, placed it under my nose.

"You mustn't leave the town yet. I shall tell you when to go," he said. "Here"—opening the wallet—"is money. Draw on it as you wish."

He looked into my face as my eyes were resting on the English, Czech, German, American, French and Swiss notes—hundreds of pounds' worth—displayed before me.

"Money is no object," he said.

He rose to show me that our talk for that day was over. His wife hovered, told me that she understood I was going to help German Youth, and that was splendid.

AT the door he seized my hand, asked me whether I had ever seen German Youth striding along in battalions singing "I had a Comrade," with ideals shining from their eyes and exuding from every hair of their heads.

"Eight deep they march to their destiny," he said. "Have you ever seen them? You cannot doubt either their sincerity or their determination."

HE TALKED LIKE THAT TILL TEARS SHONE ON HIS CHEEK. THEN HE OPENED THE DOOR, AND I WAS GONE.

I felt chilled at the spine as I thought of all I was committed to do . . . the spying on young people, the sending away of names entrusted to me, the undermining of the Czechoslovakian army, the dead-of-night missions to those wooden huts dotted along the frontier.

But that was to be only a beginning.

I cannot think what my feelings would have been at that moment if I could have foreseen the greater treachery I would be led to in the course of a few short months.

Next Week:—Himmler gives me "An Englishman's Job"

"Bells? They're Alive, Sir..."

Complete Short Story by W. L. Leonard

"I wanted to hear him! Just once, that's all!"

MISTER, did you ever think what bells have meant to man, ever since he came out of the primæval forest and rattled a stone in a sea shell?

Bells, big and little, tinny and booming, sobbing and laughing—the music of history, sir.

Calling men out to fight and some to love, and some to die and some to pray. Bells of St. Mary's and St. Clement's, the bells that Whittington heard, sleigh bells that jingle up the trail.

The bells that warn ships off the coast, the bells that sing the Angelus on Paul's Dome, the bells that ring a greeting when you're born and a farewell when you're dead.

You can't get away from bells, sir. Eating, sleeping, drinking and working, they're with you, ordering you around with that loud voice, part of your life.

Bells . . . they're alive, sir. You know, don't you, that no two are alike?

Oh, they all come through the same process, just molten metal shaped out in a mould to exact specifications. But somewhere, somehow, I think, there's an alloy gets into them that isn't made by man.

It puts a fibre and a timbre into a bell that wasn't reckoned for on the blueprints. It's that mysterious something, not put there by hand, that makes each bell sound different.

It sounds funny, maybe, but it seems that each bell has a certain spark of *life* breathed into it.

Bells . . . alive . . . ? Well, they have their own personalities, anyway, don't they? You know when Big Ben comes over the wireless it isn't the bell in the church across the street, because you know them both so well.

You've grown up with them both, perhaps grown to love them in a way.

Loving a bell doesn't seem strange to me, you know. I've been ringing old Mary here in this church for twenty years, and she's just like an old sweetheart. We understand each other, Mary and me. And there was old Jeff Saunders, who lived across at Anstey—why, he loved his bell more than any woman.

Big Tom, they called that bell in the old church. You wouldn't call it just "the bell" when you'd lived with it so long, as all those people had.

Most of them had been born with it ringing in their ears. It rang the children into the schoolroom, cheered them into their weddings and tolled for a lot of them when they died.

CLOCKS didn't matter much with Anstey folk while Big Tom kept regularly, steadily ringing in the hours and days.

When Big Tom sounded they knew it was a certain time and certain things had to be done. Big Tom kept them all in step.

The townspeople thought a lot of their Big Tom, you may be sure, but old Jeff Saunders, the bell-ringer, simply doted on that bell. He never married, they'll tell you over at Anstey, because he couldn't divide his love.

He loved Big Tom with a strange passion—all the more strange, mister, because Big Tom had been cruel to Jeff. Coldly, bitterly cruel.

When they first put it in the belfry it was the biggest bell ever seen in these parts, a giant costing a mint of money.

They had a gala for the occasion, and people came from miles around to hear it strike the first notes. Jeff Saunders was young then, and mighty proud of having got the job of bell-ringer—just in time to set it going for the first time.

WELL, as I told you, bells are queer things, like humans. Maybe you will say it was the fault of the makers—but as for me, I think it was just that strange, alien alloy I mentioned.

Anyway, when Jeff swung on the rope, Big Tom spoke. He spoke in such a thunderous voice that the waves of sound seemed to slap the faces of the people in the square below.

They swear to this day that the pavement bumped up and down, so that people staggered and fell. Big Tom certainly made an impressive debut. Caruso could break a tumbler with the sound of his voice, they say.

Well, the sound of Big Tom broke the windows in houses all round the church.

That showed well enough how loudly Big Tom could talk. But it was worse than that. When they went into the church, the parson and policeman and everybody, they found Jeff in the belfry.

He was sitting down, his head in his hands, swaying from side to side. Big Tom had shouted almost in Jeff's ear—and Jeff, the doctor said, was deaf. As deaf as a fish, after that sudden, strident assault on his ear-drums.

Now Jeff should have hated Big Tom for that. Who knows, perhaps he did at first. Or perhaps the metal in Big Tom struck the mettle in Jeff Saunders, as if in a challenge to fight.

Jeff didn't give up his job as a bell-ringer. Deaf as he was, he still knew all the changes and you don't have to have the discriminating ear of a violinist to ring bells.

So they wrapped up Big Tom in many yards of felt, muffling his voice until it was only a whisper compared with that first terrible bawling.

But the bell was still loud enough and lusty enough to be heard all over the town, and deaf Jeff Saunders could make it sing or growl or weep, according to the many occasions which called for these sentiments.

JEFF and Big Tom grew old together—Big Tom's voice muted by his wrappings of felt and Jeff's hearing stopped up by an invisible band in his head. A strange combination, but efficient, and a real part of the life of Anstey. When the time came for them to be parted, after forty years, it was no fault of either of them.

The church tower began to crumble in decay, and the belfry was lurching sideways. That church had seen other bells before Big Tom in its four centuries of existence—and it had seen long generations of its bell-ringing Saunders family laid down in the churchyard.

For safety's sake, since there were houses right up against the walls, the church had to come down.

It wasn't going to be a pleasant job, they knew, breaking the news to Jeff Saunders. Jeff, who had spent as much time with Big Tom as if it were his wife—more time, indeed, than a lot of married men spend with their wives. They were going to take part of his life away—not a little part, either.

But it had to be done, of course. A little deputation went to tell him; the parson, the doctor and the chairman of the coun-

(Continued on page 26)

Chestnut Corner

FIRST COMIC: *A terrible thing happened to me last night!*

SECOND COMIC: *A terrible thing happened to you last night?*

FIRST COMIC: *Yes. Someone asked me to have a Guinness and I didn't hear him.*

Our great-grandfathers probably first heard this 'chestnut' cracked and thoroughly appreciated it even then. For they too drank Guinness with great benefit, and enjoyed its clean, invigorating flavour—the source of so much strength and satisfaction.

When you miss having a Guinness, you are missing something very much worth while. There is no pleasure quite so pleasant, no goodness just as good. For in drinking a glass of Guinness you are enjoying a distinctive and a natural goodness. The benefit is felt by your nerves, your digestion, your whole constitution. Treat yourself to a Guinness today—and—better still—every day.

G.E.571

"Nothing I do seems to please you these days."
"Well, if I'm not hungry is it my fault?"
"I can't think what's come over George, nothing seems good enough for him. We aren't millionaires!"
"You don't have to be rich to buy the best. I know what'll tempt him."
"Ah, this is something I do like. I've never tasted nicer salmon—it's delicious!"
"Well, you've certainly got your appetite back."

"You needn't be rich to be particular!"

If you were a banker's wife you couldn't buy a better brand of salmon than John West's Middle-cut. It's the plumpest part of a noble fish gently cooked to melting tenderness, sealed swiftly in all its rich natural oils, to make a tasty, tempting, lavish meal for a hungry man. Every juicy red flake is body-building nourishment. Not a morsel is wasted.

Insist on the best, and buy

JOHN WEST'S
***Middle-cut* SALMON**

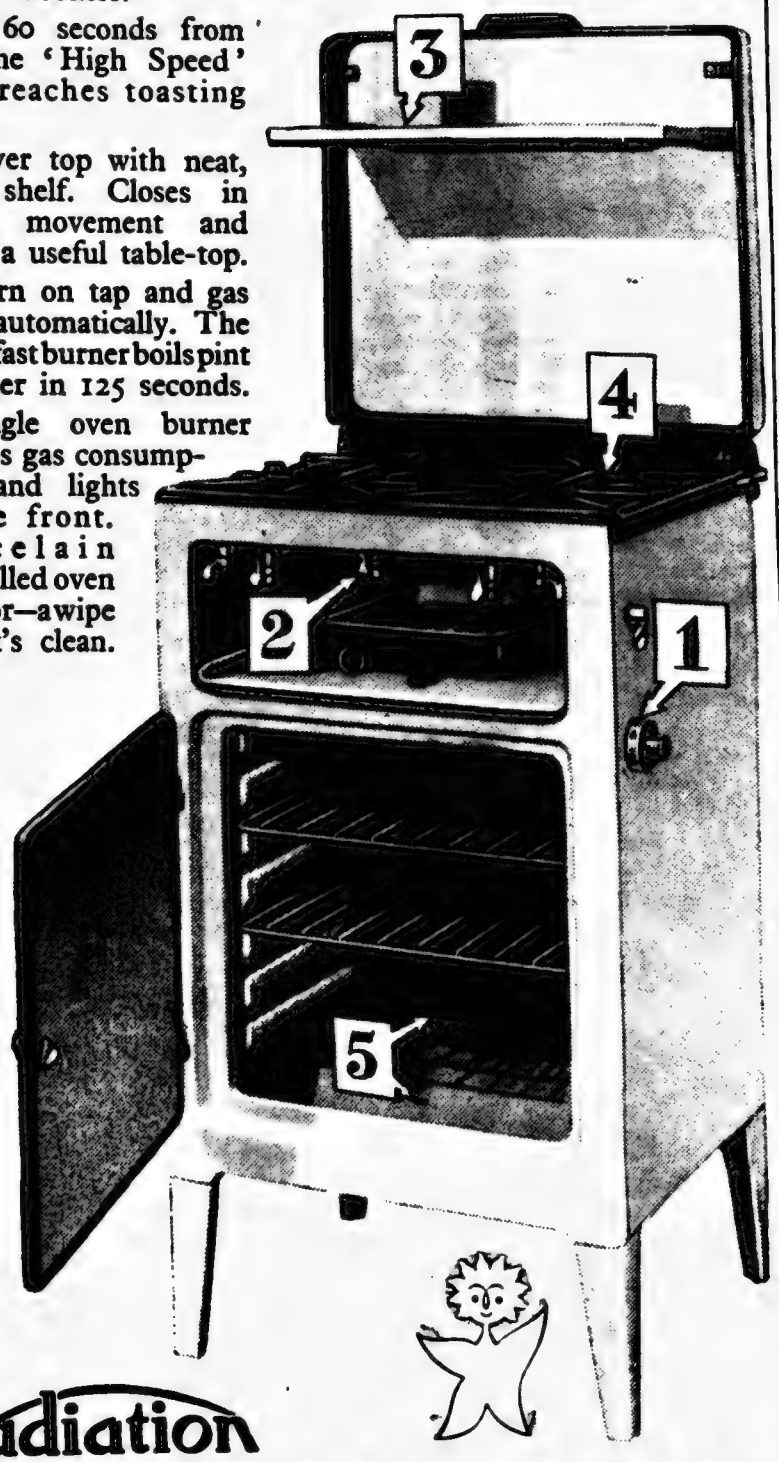
PELLING, STANLEY AND CO., LTD., LIVERPOOL, AND 8 EASTCHEAP, LONDON, E.C.3
J.W.121-54E

'NEW WORLD' PERFECTION!

New design, new features and a choice of white and also delightful colours make the latest 'New World' the brightest and most efficient cooker for the modern kitchen. Retains all the well-known principles which have made 'New World' Gas Cookers the choice of over 2 million housewives in the Empire! See the 'New World' at your Gas Showrooms.

NEW FEATURES FOR BETTER COOKING

1. The 'Regulo' oven heat control—exclusive to 'New World' Cookers.
2. In 60 seconds from cold the 'High Speed' Grill reaches toasting heat!
3. Cover top with neat, rigid shelf. Closes in simple movement and forms a useful table-top.
4. Turn on tap and gas lights automatically. The super-fast burner boils pint of water in 125 seconds.
5. Single oven burner reduces gas consumption, and lights at the front. Porcelain enamelled oven interior—a wipe and it's clean.



Radiation
NEW WORLD
GAS COOKERS

ONLY THE WORLD-RENOWNED REGULO HAS THE NUMBER IN THE TRIANGLE 7

To Radiation Ltd. (Dept. S24/9), 164 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4
Please send your free Recipe Book (½d. stamp only if envelope is unsealed).
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

Phillips YEAST — The Finest TONIC

PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast, owing to its 'Life' and richness in Vitamin B, is a splendid NERVE and GENERAL TONIC and an unfailing remedy for INDIGESTION . . . By ensuring perfect assimilation of food, PHILLIPS Yeast restores VITALITY and VIGOUR in Nature's own way. It contains No Drug and is the finest Tonic and remedy

for NERVES and INDIGESTION

From all Chemists: 6d., 1/3, 3/-, 5/-
Ask for PHILLIPS TONIC YEAST—and make sure you get the Real Thing.

Easy to remember as

A B C

What is? Turn to p. 29!

J.P.s Do the Hat-Trick!

Not from—

How do our busy Justices
Employ the shining hours
When sitting on the Bench and
Exercising of their powers?
On those who come before the
Court
They cast appraising eyes,
To see they wear the proper
kind
Of hats and socks and ties!

Let miscreants of the female
sex
Especially take care,
When facing an exacting
Bench,
Their heads they chance to
bare!
Whate'er they do on Ilkla Moor
And places such as that,
Stern words they'll hear if they
appear
In British Court baht 'at!

JUSTICE is understood to be blind, and not a few Justices are commonly believed to be deaf or/and "dumb," but it doesn't do to take any of these defects for granted.

Why, for example, should it be assumed that a girl or woman is, metaphorically speaking, cocking a snook at the Bench if she appears in a police court without a hat?

A leading legal journal confesses itself ignorant of any law requiring headgear on ladies in courts of justice.

Yet some magistrates seem to shy like temperamental dray horses when confronted by hatless female witnesses.

Some seem to shy . . .

The erring lovelies may be told that they are revealing a lack of respect for the Court, and their evidence cannot be heard until they have collected a handkerchief apiece and return with these tied round their heads.

No wonder that British justice (if writers of leading articles are to be believed) is the admiration of the world! Benighted foreigners may envy us a judicial system that provides so many laughs.

But without wishing to spoil good, clean fun, I should much like to be told on what paragraph in the British Constitution, the "Guide to Etiquette," or Joe Miller's Joke Book, the theory that hats are compulsory for police court debutantes is based.

If anybody can produce statutory authority in support of this quaint notion, I will gladly eat my own headgear!

—the B.B.C.

If women must conceal their
hair
In Court, though they've a
stack of it,
J.P.s should also something
wear
To hide their painful lack of
it!
For surely it does not enhance
The Law's grave majesty
To see upon the Bench a row
Of heads which make one
think: "What ho!
A nudists' colony!"

Y. Z.

"Bells? They're Alive, Sir . . ."

(Continued from page 24)

cil, too, because they reckoned it was just such an important occasion.

Jeff was grey-haired and stooping then, all of seventy years. He listened quietly while they told by signs the how and why.

"They start pulling down the belfry to-morrow, Jeff," the parson told him. "It's urgent, you see. . ."

Like many deaf people, Jeff didn't show his emotions much. He made a sign to the parson. It was, the parson translated to the rest of the deputation, a request that he should be allowed to ring Big Tom just once more. A reasonable request, agreed the chairman of the council. A valedictory touch.

Quite composed, it seemed to them, Jeff thanked them for granting his simple wish and turned up the steps to the belfry.

Not looking at each other, because they were only human, the deputation waited.

It was quite a time before they heard Big Tom's farewell. Excusably, Jeff must have dallied a while looking up at the round, coppery giant. . .

And then Big Tom spoke again, loudly, triumphantly, like a man who has at last cleared his throat of a hoarseness. The sound waves buffeted the people standing below, from outside came alarmed cries, and somewhere there was the noise of breaking glass.

"HE'S taken off the wrappings!" said the parson, his voice beaten to a whisper by Big Tom's unroarious shout.

They clapped hands over ears and went up the stairs. Old Jeff was swaying on the rope in the belfry, and he looked at them apologetically.

"Stop it!" roared the doctor. His voice could not be heard in the big bell's clamour, but Jeff, who couldn't have heard anyway, understood.

"I wanted to hear him! I wanted to hear him! Just once, that was all!"

There was a look of pleading on Jeff's face—just the look of pleading you'd have, I suppose, when a pal was dying and you wanted just one last word from him. It was pathetic, too.

Poor deaf Jeff trying to break the bonds that enslaved his hearing, and there was Big Tom shouting as loud as he could as if to help him.

"POOR fellow," said the doctor, as they gently released Jeff's hands from the ropes and sat him down. Big Tom's voice became huskier, perhaps sadder, and then weakened until it was stilled for ever.

The silence was hard to bear. "That," said the parson to the doctor in an undertone, "is the end of Big Tom."

Deaf Jeff stood up. He looked at them with eyes awakening in a great curiosity.

Without speaking, he walked over to a bench and took up a handbell. It rang tinnily as he shook it.

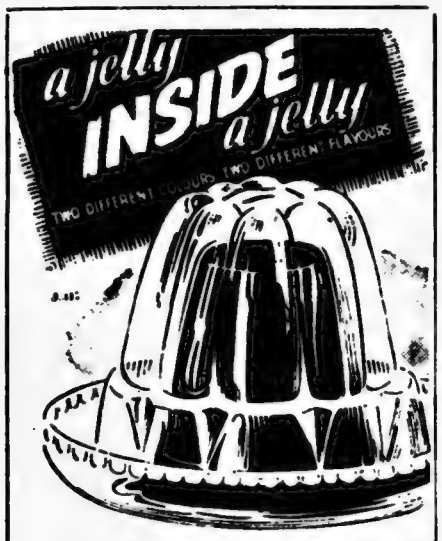
His boots struck an echo from the stone floor, and he looked down at them. As a great comprehension came, Jeff lifted out the doctor's watch and listened to its ticking.

"Yes," he nodded, in answer to their unspoken question.

Well, that's the story, mister, of Deaf Jeff and Big Tom—of a bell that held a man in slavery for forty years like a fief bondman and at the end, because he was a loyal servant, gave him his freedom as a reward.

Bells? Live things, sir? Perhaps if you walk by Anstey you will see old Jeff sitting in his garden, talking to a big lump of metal.

Only don't intrude, sir . . . you mayn't understand what they're talking about. . . .



Try this fascinating NEW WAY of serving

CHIVERS JELLIES

Everyone will want to know however you managed to make this mysterious double jelly and all will enjoy the novel combination of the natural fruit flavours which have always distinguished Chivers Jellies.

—and it's so easy

Two packets of Chivers Jellies.
(Lemon, Grape Fruit, Greengage or Lime for outside.)
(Raspberry, Strawberry, Cherry or Damson for inside.)

Make lemon jelly as directed on packet and set about one inch in bottom of mould. When set stand a thin bottomed tumbler, half filled with cold water on this and pour remaining cool lemon jelly around tumbler. Make up raspberry jelly and allow to cool. Replace cold water in tumbler with fairly warm water and gently remove tumbler. Fill cavity with cool raspberry jelly, turn out when thoroughly set. Any remaining jelly may be chopped and used for decorating.

WHEN IRON IS MORE PRECIOUS THAN GOLD

DID you know just *how* precious the iron in your blood is to you—that in fact iron means life itself? For you depend on the iron in the red cells of your blood to extract oxygen from the air you breathe. And without oxygen you cannot live. So, you see, your mental and bodily well-being depends more than you think on the amount of iron you get.

But how can you be sure of getting enough iron? The food we eat and the fluids we drink should supply it. But hardly one in a hundred gets enough iron in the daily diet in the ordinary way. That is why so many Doctors nowadays advise taking Keystone Burgundy with meals. Keystone Burgundy is especially rich in iron because it is made from grapes grown on the iron-bearing soil of Australia.

The point to remember is, the iron in Keystone is *natural* organic iron. It is easily taken up by your blood, and does not cause digestive disturbance, constipation, headaches, and other troubles so often associated with iron in "inorganic" form. Besides, taking iron "medicine" is one of the less pleasant things in life but taking iron-rich Keystone Burgundy is one of the pleasures.

Give yourself the benefit of iron in such pleasant, such effective form! Enjoy appetite-creating Keystone with your very next meal!

All wine merchants and licensed grocers sell Keystone Burgundy in large flagons 4/6d., half-flagons 2/3d. (3d. extra deposit, returnable, on both sizes). Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., Bow, London, E.3. (83)

BANISH FEET PAINS

CRO-PAX Callous Remover and Metatarsal Support will give immediate relief to painful callouses and aching arches. Made of sponge rubber with fine elastic band, it fits snugly to the foot.

CRO-PAX FOOT AIDS 6D

Obtainable at branches of Boots, Timothy Whites, Woolworths, all Chemists and Stores

CRO-PAX FOOT AIDS, NOTTINGHAM.

Beauty for your skin—from Pond's Creams containing the "SKIN-VITAMIN"!

THE LADY MOYRA BUTLER

"I haven't time for elaborate beauty care," Lady Moyra told us. "And I've found that just using Pond's Creams daily keeps my skin clear, smooth and free from skin faults. I use the Cold Cream every night. I use the Vanishing Cream for my powder foundation. It melts off any roughness, so that make-up goes on with a lovely finish. I'm glad the 'skin-vitamin' is now in these creams. It's made my complexion silky smooth, more radiant, and finer."

EXPLANATION

Satin Smooth . . . You will see your skin become beautifully smooth when you use Pond's Cream daily. Tests have proved that the vitamin in Pond's Cream has this lovely effect.

Clear and Fresh . . . Your complexion will have a lovely natural colour when it has a supply of the "skin-vitamin."

Youthful . . . Lines and wrinkles soften and fade as you use Pond's Cream regularly. For the "skin-vitamin" now in this cream makes flattened cells and shrunken under-tissues fill out.

Flawless . . . The "skin-vitamin" enables the skin to keep healthy and so it helps to fight off infections that cause little blemishes. It also makes pores much smaller.

AN important discovery has been made: That when the skin lacks one certain vitamin, then glands dry up, cells flatten, under-tissues shrink—the skin becomes dry and scaly; but when Pond's Cream containing this "skin-vitamin" is applied daily, then glands soon function, cells and tissues fill out—the skin becomes smooth and healthy. When women tested this cream, they reported amazing results. It made their skin smoother, finer, clearer, and younger-looking—in only a few weeks! Now this "skin-vitamin" is in all Pond's Creams. Try Pond's Cold Cream, Pond's Vanishing Cream—see the wonderful difference in your complexion.

Look for a small "SV" on the label. This means the cream contains the "skin-vitamin." It is also in Pond's Liquefying Cream, a quick cleanser.

DRY CATARRH

To lubricate dry, irritated nostrils and stop painful burning and itching, get the scientific Catarrh remedy —"NOSTROLINE." Smear inside each nostril. Gently sniff it up. Oh! the relief! "NOSTROLINE" soothes soreness and inflammation at a touch! Opens vital airways. Softens hard crusts. Defeats Catarrh Germs. Reduces discharge. Marvellous for Hay Fever, Dry Catarrh, Summer Colds. Insist on NOSTROLINE Nasal Remedy—all Chemists 1/3.

'NOSTROLINE'

Free Sample from "NOSTROLINE" J.14, Bristol, 8

GRAVES NEW CLUB MODEL

BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE. Frame 19, 21, or 23ins. Dunlop Sports Tyres. Coventry Chain. Lauterwasser adjust. Handlebars. Dunlop Endrick Rims. Racing Pedals. Free Wheel and fixed Sprocket. Caliper Brakes. Middlemore's Racing Pattern Saddle narrow steel Mudguards 'Hold-all' Stg. Reflector. Accessories. Lady's or Men's. £4.17.6 or 6/- monthly. No charge for Easy Terms. Catalogue Free.

6/- NOW Supplied Lightweight, Red, Blue or Black as desired.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

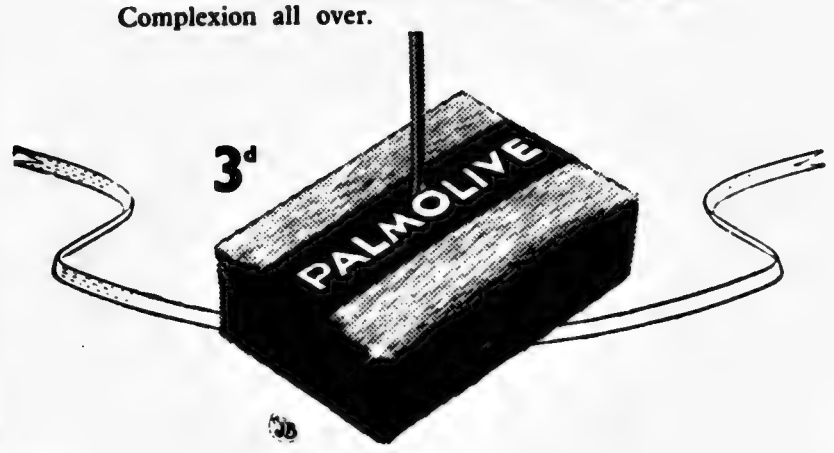
SPECIALLY FOR HOUSEWIVES

Marvellous NEW way of COOKING and a FREE RECIPE BOOK

WHAT could be easier than to place the whole meal in the oven—joint, vegetables and sweet—and forget all about it until it's time for it to come out again! This is what is offered by cooking the "Regulo" way, incorporated in all the latest "New World" Gas Cookers, the most efficient and elegant cooker for the kitchen. Get particulars at once of this amazing way of cooking and a free Recipe Book which provides many helpful suggestions. Simply write, mentioning "John Bull," to Radiation, Ltd. (Dept. S 84/9), 164, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4, or, better still, fill in the Coupon on page 25.

—keeps her Schoolgirl Complexion All Over

You can tell a Palmolive girl by her skin. Her arms, her back, her throat are as lovely as her cheeks. For she's learnt the value of lavishing Palmolive's lovely olive oil lather all over her body. Olive oil cleanses, say more than 20,000 beauty specialists, deeply but gently as silk. That's why it beautifies. After every bath her skin is clean and fresh and pure. She's head and shoulders lovelier, for she's Schoolgirl Complexion all over.



Here's how you'll get a BETTER SHAVE WITHOUT A BRUSH THAN YOU EVER GOT WITH ONE

1

Wash your face with soap and water in the ordinary way and while it's still wet . . .

2

Spread a little Colgate brushless shave cream all over your beard . . .

3

Shave it clean off again and your beard with it. You'll revel in the extra after-shave comfort.

SHAVED!

FOR AS LITTLE AS 6d. YOU CAN GET COLGATE Brushless SHAVE CREAM

● *Radio is Your Servant. Voice your own opinions for—*

The B.B.C. Listens in to You

Broadcasting House. There they treasure your letters, adjust programmes according to your wishes

YOU'VE switched off your wireless set, sat back disgruntled and said: "I wish I could answer the thing back."

Well, here is some comfort—

The men on the other side are wishing just the same.

At the B.B.C. they long to hear listeners answer back. And as the next best thing they have taken up the American cult of Market Research.

It is a means of making an estimate of public taste and requirements on which programmes can be based.

The work is done in the Listener Research Department, where R. J. E. Silvey, a statistical expert who, in the commercial world, has had considerable experience of market research, launches big-scale enquiries to establish the What, Why and When of listening.

"If we knew what every listener thought of the programmes," he says, "we might then have a thorough and completely reliable guide to public taste. However, as this is impossible, we do our best in other ways."

For it is a fact, and a fact that can never be stated too emphatically, that the radio programmes are a direct result of your own desires and wishes—so far as the B.B.C. is able to ascertain them.

The radio is your servant. And it is YOU who dictate B.B.C. policy; YOU who distil the proportions of light music, jazz, symphony, drama and talks; YOU who say how long a feature shall take and at what time you are best able to listen to it.

It is *you* who applaud; and *you* who condemn.

Mass opinion is a most elusive and incalculable thing. No one can say why a particular programme should drop in favour, why the lines of appeal should fluctuate as they do, why "Band Waggon" should make B.B.C. history while a similar programme flops lamentably. . . .

Nevertheless, these things happen, and it is up to the B.B.C. to assess public reaction in terms of hard facts and figures.

200,000 Letters

In 1936, therefore, they introduced the Listener Research Department.

This department works in close co-operation with the correspondence section which, by studying the 200,000 letters which listeners send to the B.B.C. every year, gets a fair impression of likes and dislikes generally.

But the charts and graphs made by the Listener Research Department are based on evidence that has been acquired more scientifically.

Several methods are used and the public co-operates with astonishing patience and good will.

This enthusiasm revealed itself immediately the first of the major "programme schemes" was heralded in the autumn of 1937.

It was called the Variety Listening Barometer. John Watt went to the microphone one night at the end of a "music hall" broadcast to ask for a thousand people interested in radio variety to keep a "log" of their variety listening during the coming quarter.

The response staggered everyone—particularly the postman, who brought 47,000 replies to Broadcasting House.

As the response was so overwhelming, it was decided to double the original number, and the requisite two thousand were recruited by selecting every twenty-third application.

Questionnaires were then sent out and listeners were requested to keep a "log" over a period of time, filling in details of how many Variety broadcasts they listened to, what they thought of them, whether they desired more Variety or less, and so on.

The results were examined, collated and filed for reference.

1st: Music Hall

They threw light on some interesting facts. For example, that the Royal Command Performance was heard by 94 people out of 100 on the questionnaire list. It was clear, too, that light entertainment features ran in the following order of popularity:—

Music Hall and Palace of Varieties.
Monday Night at Seven.
Carroll Levis and His Discoveries.

Outside Broadcasts of Variety (mid-evening).

Studio Vaudeville Shows.

Outside Broadcasts of Variety (late evening).

There are altogether three distinct methods of establishing public opinion among listeners.

The Panel Method is used in the case of talks.

Before F. Buckley Hargreaves took over the job of film criticism for the B.B.C., listeners will remember that this subject was covered by different reviewers—Herbert Hodge and others.

After one of the talks on the cinema, a request was broadcast for listeners to participate in a "panel"—that is, a body of opinion which will represent general tastes and standards.

This differs from the Listening Barometer because only a specific audience is tackled. Variety covers a wide field; but talks on the films are heard only by a limited number.

Well, the B.B.C. received more than a thousand letters in response to this appeal. Questionnaires were sent out, and 70 per cent. were filled up and returned.

These gave abundant proof that, of the half-dozen or so who talked about films, Andrew Rice was by far the most popular.

So Andrew Rice was given a contract to speak regularly. The investigation also established the best listening time for this series, and also its best policy—to give a review of films to come.

When the "Random Sample" method was launched in January, 1933, the idea was to get licence-holders in all walks of life, from miner to magnate, farmer to philosopher, housewife to hostess, to answer a questionnaire about their listening habits.

Their names and addresses, as revealed on licence forms, are confidential and, so that they should remain a secret, the scheme was jointly organised with the Post Office.

When? What?

Sir Stephen Tallents issued three thousand letters, enclosing with each a questionnaire which asked, among other things:—

When do you usually have your set on?

What kinds of programme do you like during the daytime, and when do you like to have them?

Can you usually listen from 6 p.m. onwards if you want to?

Which News Bulletins do you listen to on weekdays?

The B.B.C. then selected areas of the country in which it wanted to have the letters distributed. Next, the letters were sent to the Post Office, where names of listeners were picked at random by officials, who addressed the envelopes.

Once again there was a comprehensive response.

Remember, then, that it was your voice that has kept "In Town Tonight" on the air since 1933; your voice that will put "Band Waggon" back next winter; your voice that turned "Monday Night at Seven" into a weekly feature instead of fortnightly, and gave it a longer session.

You restored C. H. Middleton to the Sunday lunch-time hour after he had been put back, experimentally, to Friday evening.

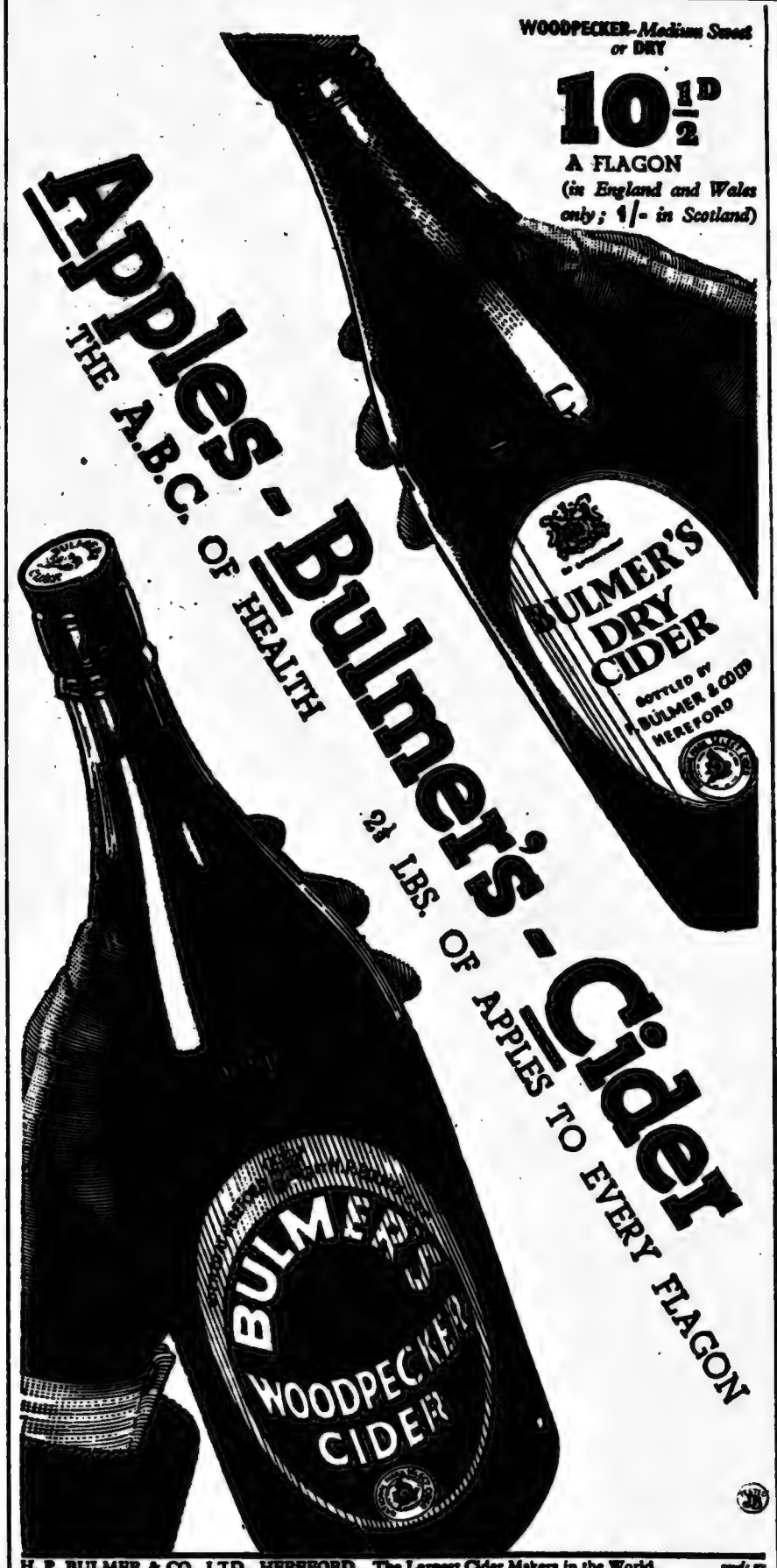
And—let it not be uttered above a whisper!—your voice banished the twenty-four hour clock for good and all from Portland Place.

For the radio is your servant—and no one else's.

Look Out For It!

Next week JOHN BULL will make an announcement of great personal importance and value to every reader. There will be details of something that every reader will want, something of urgency, something that every home must have these days.

Your own and your family's well-being are linked up with this announcement. Watch for it in next week's JOHN BULL.


WOODPECKER—Medium Sweet or DRY
10½D
A FLAGON
(in England and Wales only; 1/- in Scotland)
Apples - Bulmer's - Cider
THE A.B.C. OF HEALTH
24 LBS. OF APPLES TO EVERY FLAGON
BULMER'S DRY CIDER
BOTTLED BY H. BULMER & CO LTD HEREFORD
BULMER'S
WOODPECKER CIDER

H. P. BULMER & CO., LTD., HEREFORD. The Largest Cider Makers in the World. *rgdc 57*

He's had every make on test . .

. . . but found Bondman the coolest smoke of all

The more hectic a man's life is, the more he needs a pipe to help him to relax — and Bondman's cool, smooth smoking is the biggest help of all.

LLOYDS'

Bondman

TOBACCO

RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA or EMPIRE BLEND

The Coolest Smoke of all!

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co. Ltd.), Bondman Corner, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything. Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 1/3 and 3/-.

Take

Elasto

for all

CIRCULATORY TROUBLES

★ A GENEROUS Sample of a remedy for all circulatory disorders is offered on the Back Cover. A free booklet explaining all about this remedy and how it assists in restoring elasticity to relaxed and devitalised veins will also be sent to those who fill in the Special Coupon.

Come and Bathe and Bask and Bronze at

BLACKPOOL

Write for free copy of the New Holiday Journal to W. Foster, Dept. 14, Town Hall, Blackpool.

Brightest spot in the holiday firmament, gay as Aladdin's Cave, healthy as Arcadia—that's Blackpool. Blackpool offers you the most bracing breezes in Britain, seven miles of golden sands, the largest, most up-to-date swimpool, sumptuous ballrooms, all-star variety shows and cabarets, three piers, pleasure beach and unrivalled facilities for every sport from flying to ice-skating. Come and join in the fun in the sun at Blackpool—The World's Greatest Resort.

TRAVEL BY LMS—CHEAP FARES • EXPRESS TRAINS

The Secret of HAPPINESS

Plenty to do: plenty of interests and knowing the truth about yourself—that is Humanist's recipe for Happiness

Humanist's Page

LET us talk about happiness. Two or three weeks ago I ended an article on this page saying: "Every man, woman and child has a right to happiness."

That remark brought a number of letters from readers of all ages. Here is the first:—

"I was interested in what you said about 'moods' because I suffer from them myself. They come without warning and often for no apparent reason.

"I sometimes waken feeling intensely miserable although I am in good health and am not worried either about love affairs or money.

"I am single and a nurse by profession. So I meet all sorts and conditions of people. What strikes me is that those who have a good excuse for being unhappy—invalids and cripples—are often quite happy, whereas others who have nothing seriously wrong are always moaning.

"I meet women whose husbands are thoroughly decent men and who have plenty of money and little to do, but they are continually complaining.

"Nothing ever seems to satisfy them. They don't know when they are well off. Hundreds of poor women would give their heads to be able to change places with them.

"Somehow I don't feel that to say 'They want something to cry about' is the complete answer."

I THINK we all know these women who are for ever dissatisfied. Perhaps the key is to be found in the letter: "Plenty of money and little to do."

Little to do! The poor things may be bored, and there is nothing like boredom to create imaginary troubles. But before I say any more, here is a letter from a man approaching middle age:—

"I don't think you a Superman, neither do I want to flatter, but having read Human Documents since I was a boy, I have a great respect and admiration for your sane judgment.

"I am greatly disappointed with life and my prospects. Surely God never intended people to be unhappy? What were we born for? What is our purpose in life?

"I had a miserable childhood and remember nothing but blows, drunkenness and the aftermath of poverty. Try to imagine, Humanist, what it is to have to think twice before daring to spend a penny.

"If I had the same life over again, much as I love my wife, I should not get married. It is not fair to lead a woman to the altar and then bring her down to this standard of living.

"We had no holiday at all last year. If we get away this year it is going to take half a year's savings.

"What prospects have we?. None but work till we drop and then we have finished.

"And hundreds of thousands are worse off than us.

"I see my wife going about with that hurt expression in her eyes. She wants something for baby or some clothes for herself, but she knows she will have to do without them.

"No change. Every day alike. Sunday included. We can't afford to go to the pictures to break the monotony—the 'bus fares are too heavy, for we live in a little village.

"You may think these things only trivial, but can you picture yourself in a similar position? The game isn't worth the candle."

I sympathise with many things this reader says, but before he gives way to complete pessimism he ought to realise that things are gradually getting better.

There is the Old Age Pension; there are holidays with pay. And a few years ago people managed without either cinemas or 'buses.

Then every week I get letters from harassed mothers who have had no holiday for fifteen or twenty years. It does not mend matters to know that others are worse off than ourselves, but it might make us quit grumbling a little.

The man's trouble is that he is not happy.

HAPPINESS is a very elusive thing. Millionaires may miss it when beggars find it. Happiness evades us when we shout for it and comes when we don't expect it.

It depends on (a) what we are; (b) what we have. What we have comes second. That explains the well-to-do women who are so sorry for themselves. They have no inner resources. They cannot interest themselves: they want amusing—like spoilt children.

Which would you rather have—a life that is interesting or one that is uneventfully happy? It is a difficult question. I suppose most of us want a life that is happy and interesting, but if we had to choose between them . . .?

The great religions rarely offer happiness. They aim at righteousness, simple goodness, virtue, saintliness; but happiness is only a by-product or an accident.

Nevertheless we all want to be happy. As Bertrand Russell once said we ought not to talk about "mere happiness." Happiness is not "mere."

But a great deal of the unhappiness in life comes from people demanding too much. Some of us want always to be in the limelight, the centre of attention, the object of endless flattery and admiration. We don't get it, and we therefore moan about the way we are treated.

The whole universe cannot revolve about one individual, however he (or she) may long for it.

WHEN people learn to accept the truth about themselves they stop whining for the unattainable and have a chance of being decently happy.

During the last few weeks I have printed a good many letters of complaint. Here is a change:—

"We were married over twenty years ago. My wife can cook, keep house, wash, repair, play tennis, play the piano, cut a hedge, do gardening, paint a greenhouse, and act as a companion to man as well as any woman in this city where we live.

"During all my married life I have never known her to be out when I got home for my evening meal (except by pre-arrangement); I have never known her to look at me without smiling, and we have yet to have our first row."

Surely this couple should have no difficulty in winning the Dunmow flitch.

THE next letter tells a different story:—

"My wife and I courted for nine months and then we married. We both continued to work, she in the pottery business, I in the colliery. Six months before a baby was due, my wife fell ill with pneumonia and pleurisy and was kept in bed until two months after the baby was born.

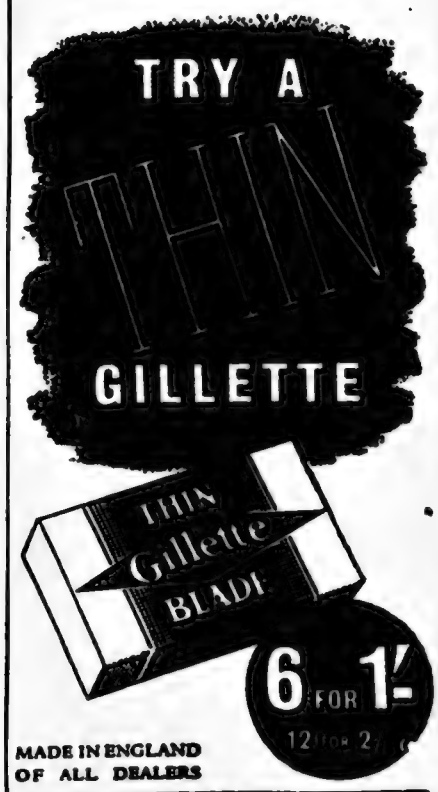
"During this time I had to look after my wife besides going to work. Three months later I dropped out of work and was out for eight months. Three weeks after I got a job our baby died of infantile convulsions.

"I am now at home again, wondering what kick is coming next, but we are ready to meet it. We are happy."

This man and his wife are happy because of what they are, not because of what they have. That is the key to the whole problem of happiness for young and old alike.

SENSITIVE SKIN?

Selling at the lowest price in Gillette history, 6 for 1/-, *Thin* Gillette blades are specially designed to give even the tenderest skin a close, clean, comfortable shave! Golden in colour, honed to the famous Gillette edge, these *Thin* Gillettes give you a new high level in shaving comfort—with the utmost possible economy.



MADE IN ENGLAND
OF ALL DEALERS

YOU WOULDN'T SEND A LETTER BY STAGE-COACH TO-DAY

Time marches on. Every process is speeded up. Even in the details of our daily life we expect—and obtain—mechanical perfection. So it is with pens. You wouldn't mail a letter by coach to-day nor—if you are sensible—would you write it with an old-fashioned, unreliable, or outworn pen. Keep abreast of the times in this as in every other respect.

MORAL. Write every note, even the briefest, with an easy-flowing reliable pen: a pen moreover that suits your own particular handwriting. In short, a Stephens' *lifetime* pen with a nib chosen for your own type and pressure of handwriting. Stephens' pens are precise and perfect writing instruments with the simplest filling device in the world. They fill at a touch, release ink in an effortless, easy flow and cover the paper with indescribable smoothness. Use Stephens' Blue-Black Ink in a Stephens' pen for a clear lasting impression and a quick easy flow. Stephens' pens cost from one guinea to 5/6 each.

BERNARD C. STEPHENS LTD., 57, ALDERSGATE ST., E.C.1

Tough little fellow!

HE'S ONE OF A FAMILY OF FIFTEEN HEALTHILY FED ON SIX LOAVES A DAY

Read their Mother's letter

18, Manse Way.
Swanley. Kent.

Dear Sir.

Although 6 loaves a day is a lot for most families it's only just enough when it comes to feeding 15 of us. All the same I don't think you could find a fitter family anywhere considering I have so little money coming in to bring them up on. I am sending you a picture of one of my youngest. It must be the bread he eats that gives him all his energy, like the rest of us.

Yours truly. Mrs E Ashton

BREAD FOR ENERGY

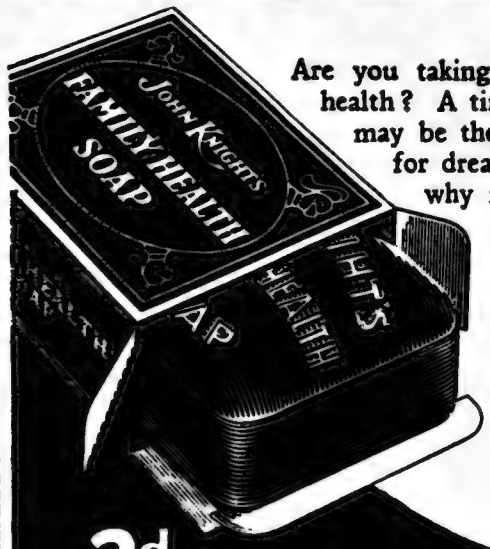
C.F.H. 533

A mere midge bite . . . .

a trace of unseen (dirt) . . . burning pain . . . blood-poisoning . . and then the surgeon's knife!

Why risk it?

Your surest protection against dirt-bred germs is to use Family Health Soap daily



Are you taking chances with your family's health? A tiny unnoticed graze or scratch may be the opening for dirt-infection—for dreaded blood-poisoning. That's why it pays to be wise in time—to make a habit of simple precautions against the dangers of dirt. Wash often with Family Health. The foamy antiseptic lather sweeps away the dirt and dirt-bred germs. Always keep a tablet by the wash-basin and see that it is used. Make every wash a protection!

3d. PER TABLET

FAMILY HEALTH
THE SAFETY SOAP
MAKES EVERY WASH A PROTECTION!

KH 40-501 JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.16—SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1810

SUMMER HOUSE MYSTERY

Murder in Strange Places—3 by Stanley Bishop

NO more pleasant or peaceful place could be pictured than the rustic chalet - built summerhouse in Seal Chart Woods.

It stood screened by fir trees, and with bracken growing thickly up to its walls.

From the covered veranda in front was a view of growing beauty across lovely country of vale and hill.

Yes, Mr. Horace Wilkinson, retired London stockbroker, had built himself a pleasant retreat.

"Casa" he called the summerhouse, and in the blistering hot days it was the ideal spot for an hour's idling or a picnic tea.

Mrs. Luard, who lived with her husband, Major-General Luard, at Ightham Knoll, loved the place, and one of her favourite walks was through the woods to the "Casa."

She had permission from neighbour Mr. Wilkinson to go there when she liked.

You must not think that the summerhouse, though sheltered in the coppice, was lonely or remote. The broad main road from Sevenoaks to Maidstone passed within a few yards and the "Casa" could be seen by a motorist as he passed along the busy highway. Houses, although hidden from sight, were fairly near.

The summerhouse—you would have thought—was the last scene in the world for murder.

Yet an elderly woman was killed on the covered veranda.

And a famous detective of Scotland Yard describes the crime as "the strangest case he'd ever known."

You've got a picture of the "Casa"?

Think now of a woman standing by the veranda-rail. Behind, a figure approaches. Cars pass on the highroad and he—or she—waits. Nearer and nearer, the killer is stalking.

Three quick shots. Murder—deliberate—planned.

On an August afternoon thirty-one years ago, Major-General Luard and his wife set out after lunch from Ightham Knoll. The time was half-past two. Note that, for it is important.

THE General wanted to fetch his clubs from the golf links at Godden Green, a good hour's walk away, and Mrs. Luard said she would go with him half the way, rest at the summerhouse and return to meet a friend who was calling for tea.

For a time they walked from their house along the road in the direction of Sevenoaks and then turned into the woodland path.

They were walking for half an hour before they parted at a wicket gate, near the summerhouse, the General—a terrier dog at his heel—going on across country to the golf club.

Just about 3.15 two people not far away heard three sharp reports from the wood surrounding the "Casa." They thought nothing of it. Somebody rabbit shooting perhaps.

About the same time the General was seen by a local tradesman striding away to the golf club at a spot nearly a mile from the summerhouse.

There was the steward's evidence that he was at the golf club by half past three and that he collected his clubs.

HE returned by a different route to Ightham. Part of the way he was given a lift in a clergyman's car.

That was how General Luard was timed by casual observers. From the time he left his wife witnesses kept track of him. Later there was no doubt at all about it.

Mrs. Stewart, a neighbour and his wife's guest for tea, was waiting at Ightham Knoll when he reached the house at 4.30 p.m.

But there was no Mrs. Luard, and the General was surprised. He explained that she must have been delayed in the woods, and would probably be in any moment.

So they waited until the General—as Mrs. Stewart had another engagement—ordered tea to be served.

"I cannot imagine what can be keeping my wife," he said, profuse in his apologies. He was, according to Mrs. Stewart, calm and in his usual spirits, although a trifle worried because his wife did not appear.

After tea, General Luard said he must go out and find her. With Mrs. Stewart he set off along the way he had taken earlier through the woods and towards the summerhouse.

They walked until Mrs. Stewart, looking at her watch, decided that she must go off to keep her other appointment.

The General went on alone with his dog. As they neared the summerhouse, the dog scampered on. His master, following, reached the summerhouse, and had a glimpse of the veranda.

What he saw made him break into a frantic run. On the veranda floor lay a woman. It was his wife. The dog, whimpering, was licking her face.

At first—as he said later—he thought his wife had fainted.

Numb with anxiety, he knelt by her side. Then he realised it was not a faint.

His wife was dead. There was blood on her face. Her hat lay a foot or two away. Her dress was bunched up. The glove from her left hand was near, turned inside out.

GENERAL LUARD ran. He ran in a frenzy to the nearest place he could get help, to the stables of his friend, Mr. Wilkinson. He was so distressed and breathless that he could do no more than gasp: "My wife is dead at the 'Casa.'"

Immediately the servants did all they could. A doctor and the police were summoned.

There was a first examination on the spot, and then the body was removed to Ightham Knoll.

It was plain that Mrs. Luard had been shot twice in the head. At the post mortem which two doctors carried out two bullets were found.

There was a bruise at the back of the head. One doctor thought she had been struck down by someone who approached her from behind and then shot as she lay prone.

The other doctor said that the bruising might have been caused by her falling on the paved floor of the veranda after being shot, and that the second shot was fired after she fell.

Several valuable rings which she wore on her left hand were missing. They had been torn from her fingers, which were lacerated.

And the pocket in which she carried her purse had been cut from her gown. It was not until later that this pocket was found—empty—hidden in the flounces of the dress.

Meanwhile the police had discovered a third bullet embedded in the floor of the veranda. Thus they accounted for all three shots heard coming from the direction of the woods at a quarter past three in the afternoon.

Further information about the shots was obtained from Mr. E. J. Churchill, the London gun expert.

Shown the bullets, he said that they were fired from a .32 revolver. One shot had been fired at a short distance, and the other with the revolver held close to the head.

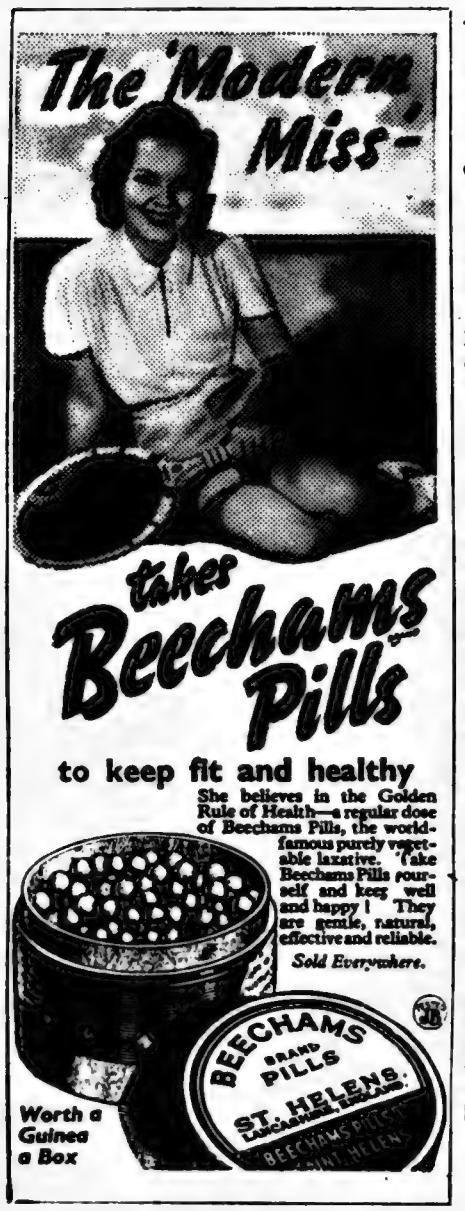
His theory was that Mrs. Luard was shot as she stood by the rail of the veranda and then a second time as she lay on the ground.

Of course, as the last person to have seen his wife alive, General Luard came under suspicion.

The alibi provided by the timed points of his walk to the golf club was carefully checked. Detectives did the same journey at an average walking pace.

It took an hour and one minute from Ightham Knoll to the golf club through

(*Continued on page 42*)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takes
Beechams Pills
to keep fit and healthy
She believes in the Golden Rule of Health—a regular dose of Beechams Pills, the world-famous purely vegetable laxative. Take Beechams Pills yourself and keep well and happy! They are gentle, natural, effective and reliable.
Sold Everywhere.
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PILLS
ST. HELENS
Worth a Guinea a Box

FILM STARS' SECRET OUT

Film Stars, of all people, must have teeth of faultless colour and you can be sure that only the best and safest whitener obtainable will satisfy their needs. What is their secret? Do the stars use a toothpaste beyond the reach of ordinary folk? No! Thousands have discovered the amazing whitening powders of a new type toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid. Phillips' Dental Magnesia makes teeth so dazzling white because it contains 75% 'Milk of Magnesia.' This instantly neutralizes harmful mouth acids and so abolishes the main cause of tartar and decay. Immaculate teeth are a precious asset. Try Phillips' Dental Magnesia and you will soon learn why so many stage and screen stars use no other dentifrice. Sold everywhere 6d., 10½d., 1/6 a tube. 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

REMEMBER STEEDMAN'S POWDERS

Modern mothers still rely on them for babies: and older children too

Steedman's Powders have been a reliable friend to three generations of mothers. From teething to teens, little ones thrive happily when there is gentle regularity. Remember always that Steedman's banish constipation without any purging or habit forming effects.

Made especially for little systems, Steedman's are still the best. Obtainable everywhere at 1½d. per powder, but you must insist on seeing the double EE for baby's protection.

And why not write for a copy of our famous guide to baby ailments entitled "Hints to Mothers." It is a really wonderful production, revised and modernized with every edition. Gladly sent free on request from John Steedman & Co., 270, Walworth Road, London, S.E.17.

MEN HATE HOUSEWORK HANDS

Your hands will keep soft, smooth and attractive even though you do housework, if you rub in 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly every night at bedtime, then wipe off. Doctors say 'Vaseline' Jelly replaces the natural oils. Start tonight. Jars 4½d., 6d., 9d. Also in handy tubes and tins.
Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, London, N.W.10.

Vaseline
TRADE MARK
Petroleum Jelly

EVERY NIGHT KEEPS HANDS NICE

GREAT NEWS FOR DOG AND CAT OWNERS

Remarkable Discovery Ensures

NO MORE DISTEMPER, WORMS, GASTRITIS, HYSTERIA or OTHER TROUBLES

Your Dog or Cat will now live longer in Perfect Health

A REMARKABLE discovery has been made which cures and prevents practically every complaint and disease to which the dog and cat worlds still remain liable—a marvellous prescription known as Volvitac.

The Romance of VOLVITAC

A well-known London Physician discovered a new kind of antiseptic—something which the Medical world had long awaited—a germ-killer which was harmless to human tissues. For many years this antiseptic was used extensively in clinical practice by the discoverer and by many of his colleagues, with most astonishing results.

A few years ago the Doctor gave a phial of his prescription to a friend suffering from Pyorrhœa (generally believed to be incurable). In a week or two the patient's gums were sound and his teeth tight in their sockets again, so he used the remaining liquid on his dog, which also had the same complaint—rubbing a few drops into the gums and putting a few drops into the drinking water daily.

The dog not only lost all signs of pyorrhœa, which had been severe, but it also resisted infection from Distemper, with which a companion went down shortly after.

Owner's Delight

Naturally, the delighted owner wrote to the doctor, telling him what a marvellous dog-medicine he had in his "magic drops" . . . only to learn that the cost of manufacture was so high that it could not be sold for veterinary use.

The experience, however, started the doctor on a new line of research, and he set to work to improve its effectiveness for animals, and in so doing found that the manufacturing cost could be very materially reduced—so that 100 average doses (2 ozs.) could be sold for 2s. 6d.

Widespread tests were then arranged in co-operation with veterinary surgeons, dog and cat owners, exhibitors and breeders, which absolutely established the fact that the new "drops" were a definite preventive and cure for practically any and every disorder and disease that ordinarily come within the experience of the pet owner or kennel-man. Only then was the new remedy allowed to be placed on the market under the trade name of Sam Browne's Volvitac.

VOLVITAC Ensures Complete Freedom from all Common Dog Ailments

In a few months the most enthusiastic reports began to flow in, showing the amazing power of Volvitac over Distemper, Hysteria, Eczema, Ringworm, Asthma, Fevers, Mouth Blane, Catarrh, Scratching, Impetigo, Abscesses, Bad Breath, Canker, Gastritis, Eye Troubles—in fact, almost every canine complaint. Further, dogs and cats that had a few drops of Volvitac regularly in their drinking water were never troubled with Worms or any of the other widespread ailments.

Secret of VOLVITAC'S Marvellous Success

To most people these statements appear so extraordinary that an explanation is needed to account for Volvitac's revolutionary results.

The simple fact is that most dog and cat troubles—probably all of them if the truth were known—are caused by "germs." These organisms are always floating in the air, adhering to dust particles, breeding in earth and stagnant water and are always present in feeding utensils, bedding, etc. They cannot be avoided—but they do no harm to the dog or cat whilst his blood is "resistant." Healthy blood contains substances which kill germs as soon as they enter through skin, nose or mouth.

The action of Volvitac is simply to put this quality of "resistance" into the blood. No injections or "dosing" are needed—just a few drops in the drinking water daily.

Dogs and Cats Appreciate VOLVITAC

Dogs and cats love the flavour of Volvitac and lap it eagerly, with astonishing all-round benefits. Their appetite improves, they gain energy, vitality and "condition," and they "stay young" years after they would otherwise be "elderly."

VOLVITAC is Economical

Very little is needed to secure immunity—only twelve drops per pint of drinking fluid . . . and very little to banish any complaint when it has been contracted. Every owner is invited to investigate this great discovery to-day by sending in the form at foot.

If, however, your dog or cat actually has Distemper, Gastritis, or any serious trouble now, don't delay, but get a bottle of Volvitac at 2/6 or 4/6 post paid direct from Hamlyn and Houben, Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, (Dept. J.B.) 110 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4, or from your Pet Stores, Chemist's, or nearest branch of Boots the Chemists. If not in stock they can obtain Volvitac at once for you if you insist upon Volvitac and accept nothing else, for nothing else will do what Volvitac does.

Volvitac Overcomes Infection—Distemper, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Nose Running, Otitis, Pyaemhœa.
Volvitac Overcomes External Troubles—Eczema, Impetigo, Ringworm, Dandruff, Irritation of Skin, Cysts, Bleeding Tails, Sore Eyes, Ulcers, Ear Canker, etc.
Volvitac Overcomes Intestinal Worms, Sarcoptic Mange, Skin Pests, Parasites, etc.
Volvitac Overcomes Stomach Troubles—Gastritis, Bad Breath, Depraved Appetite, etc.
Volvitac Overcomes "Constitutional" Troubles—Abscesses, Rheumatism, Impure Blood.
Volvitac Overcomes Troubles of Nervous Origin—Hysteria, Fits, Asthma.

Dogs and Cats LIKE VOLVITAC

It improves their appetite, appearance and "condition." It keeps them "young" and vigorous years longer than usual and it extends the span of life. It is perfectly safe in all circumstances, and non-poisonous even in excessive doses. It is a marvellous tonic for breeding stock, and a complete and perfect safeguard for puppies from birth.

FREE BOOK

Dog and cat owners are invited to apply for Free Trial Supply and the VOLVITAC book, outlining the approved Treatment for all Common Disorders—free by sending the form on right.

POST THIS NOW

For FREE Trial Supply of SAM BROWNE'S VOLVITAC and illustrated Dog and Cat Book.

Please send me Free Trial Supply and the Volvitac Treatment Book for Dog and Cat ailments. I enclose 3d. in stamps for postage and packing.
(N.B.—The envelope must be sealed.)

Name .....

Address .....

.....

To Volvitac Dept. Hamlyn and Houben, Ltd., 110 Fleet Street, E.C.4.
"*John Bull*," 10/6/39.

New easy way

to clean false teeth

The easy way to keep false teeth clean is to put them with 'Steradent' powder into a tumbler of water (see directions on the tin). This solution penetrates every crevice, dissolves film, removes stains and sterilizes your dentures. Many people leave their teeth in this 'Steradent' bath overnight; others regularly for 20 minutes while they dress. Dentists recommend 'Steradent' and all Chemists sell it in tins 1/- and 1/9d.

Steradent
cleans and sterilizes false teeth
Steradent Limited, Hull and London.

HORSES KILL DISEASE!

EVERY year thousands of lives are saved from diphtheria, smallpox and other deadly illnesses with the aid of specially bred horses. This month's "Armchair Science" takes you on a fascinating camera tour of the wonderful laboratories which carry on this remarkable life-saving work. Don't miss this outstanding issue which includes: *Exploding Stars; Fighting the Noise Demon; Test-Tube Babies; etc.* 100 pages, 32 articles and features, 66 photographs, diagrams and drawings. All the wonders of the world of science explained in simple, non-technical language. Get your copy to-day!

ARMCHAIR SCIENCE • 6D.

CROSSWORD No. 157.
TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

ON pages 40 and 41 is presented the 157th of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following:—The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.; and Mr. Stephen Potter, Lecturer on English, London University.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry Form has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at those points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, June 29, 1939. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly new BLOT-PROOF "Crossword Gazette," obtainable by enclosing with entry the Bonus Coupon on page 41. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the lump sum of £1,350 will be equally divided; not more than one cash prize allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

After 2 Years' Baldness

"For two years I was bald all over the top of my head. I tried different preparations, but they were no good. I remained bald until I used Kotalko. New hair came almost immediately, and kept on growing. In a short time I had a splendid head of hair, which has been perfect ever since."
H. A. WILD.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

If Bald, Going Bald, Losing Hair through Dandruff or any other cause, post or send copy of coupon below.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd., 8, Percy St., W.1., London, W.1.
Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of Kotalko and Kotalko Soap with directions for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....

Feed Hair Roots with KOTALKO.
Cleanse & Soften Hair Follicles with KOTALKO SCALP SOAP—the Tonic Shampoo.

"I leapt for the crane . . . a desperate jump, but my fingers closed on the steel bar"

Break-Down

Reader's Story by

Thomas Macfarland

Mile Elm, Caine, Wilts

JEALOUSY will make a man do mad things, but I cannot believe Bamford tried to murder me because of Emily.

Yet there's no other explanation. And no one who saw my escape that June afternoon tried to find one.

I'll tell you the story and you can judge for yourself.

When Piccadilly Circus Tube station was being enlarged I was in charge of a maintenance gang from a big engineering works in Sheffield.

We were working on one of the great steel spindles round which the moving staircase revolves.

Emily Langlands was leader of the girls in overalls in the "heavy" shop, and she was in charge of the giant lathe on which the escalator spindle took shape.

In the roof of the building a high-powered crane travelled backwards and forwards over our heads. Its rails were bedded in the walls along the length of the shop.

And Bamford was driver of this crane.

Of course Emily knew he was anxious to pay her attentions. But she didn't know, as most of the others in the shop did, that he had boasted that he would marry her at all costs.

Emily did not encourage him.

HE was a dour Northerner, and of all her admirers he made least headway. And at the time I thought I was making most.

If you're to decide whether this crane affair was an accident or otherwise it's only fair that I should tell you how the land lay that afternoon.

Emily and I had been to a dance together the night before. And it was only natural that I should stop for a joke whenever I passed her at the lathe.

All the fellows were watching our little romance. Only that morning Joe Beccles, the foreman, had grinned and told me:

"Ye'll be gettin' spliced one of these days like enough, but let Emily get on wi' her work till ye do."

From his perch up in the crane cabin Bamford saw everything, I suppose.

It was getting on to going home time when Emily's lathe suddenly stopped. The belting slipped off the pulley, and the counter-shaft, bracketed on the wall, was left hanging by only one bolt.

Emily, hands on hips, looked first at Joe Beccles and then at me. "Well?" she enquired, "What about it?"

"It's up to you, Tom," said Joe, jerking his thumb.

Naturally I wanted to do the job myself. I knew the bolts would have to be tightened in the concrete and the bracket remounted. I'd have to work high up amongst the shafting.

I ought to have stopped the machinery, but I didn't—maybe it was bravado to show off to Emily.

"Be careful, Tom," she called out, watching anxiously, as I climbed to the veranda round the "ceiling" of the shop. Lashing ropes to the girders, I smiled down at her, and lowered a scaffold plank to sit on.

As an additional precaution I let down a lifeline tied round my waist and to the veranda rail. Then I climbed to the countershaft bracket.

"Do take care of yourself," Emily warned me again. Not without reason, for if I slipped I should crash into the moving wheels and cutting-machines beneath.

I took a swift glance at the mammoth crane, a hundred tons of complicated steel and gadgets, with Bamford perched in the middle.

The ropes holding my plank seat hung over the rail along which the portside wheels of the crane travelled.

My weight had drawn the ropes tight. If the crane wheels touched them they'd be cut through like string.

But Bamford would keep his eyes open. He was busy moving a massive dynamo from the middle of the shop to the far end, and I didn't give him a second thought.

The counter-shafting had to be fastened down dead level and it was a ticklish job.

A chain pulley solved the problem of lifting the gear into position once the bolts were set, but to operate the lifting pulley I had to turn my back on Bamford.

Hanging with the lifeline about me, I hauled on the chain, the shafting creaked and slowly rose in position over the bracket, and then, using my body as a lever, one foot against the wall, I was relieved to find the job working out all right.

But the next minute or two was a strain. I had to get the bolts right home or the shafting would crash. No one could help and my position was cramped and perilous.

Down below, Emily, Beccles and the rest must have been anxious, though I had no time to look.

But in a flash I forgot the job.

ABOVE the din of clanging hammers and grinding wheels I heard the shrill whine of the electric motor driving the crane. I twisted round, caught a glimpse of the crane gliding towards me.

It must crush me to pulp against the wall, *or, at the best, sever my scaffolding ropes and send me hurtling among that machinery below.*

I caught sight of Bamford's eyes glittering, his face set, his hand on the control lever. Then, I admit, I believed he was out for revenge. He intended to murder me.

A shriek from Emily and the truck wheels of the crane cut through my plank ropes.

I leapt. I leapt for the crane itself, a desperate jump, but fortunately my fingers closed on the steel bar extending across its front and I held on for grim life.

Cries, shouts, and a shrieking whistle stopped the crane, the current was switched off and the whining motors silenced. A ladder appeared from nowhere and I clambered to the floor unharmed.

EVERYONE said Bamford had driven the crane at me deliberately.

But, surely, jealous as he was, he would never have attempted such a cold-blooded, insane revenge?

He protested his innocence, declared that he never saw me until the last moment. And I wouldn't contradict him.

But they fired him on the spot and told him he was lucky not to be charged with attempted murder.

Well, that's the story. I'm sorry I cannot end with everything happy ever after.

You see, Emily married Joe Beccles, the foreman. I was at the wedding three weeks ago.

3 Tins of Germolene Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT HEALED HIS VARICOSE ULCERS

After Years of Suffering!

Dear Sirs, Birmingham.

Having suffered from Varicose Ulcers for a number of years, I tried several different kinds of treatment, but all to no purpose.

After using the contents of 3 1s. 3d. tins of *Germolene*, I can assure you it has healed my leg and foot most remarkably. I am fully convinced of the wonderful healing properties of *Germolene*.

Yours faithfully, W.L.S.

The World's Healer

Germolene soothes at a touch—ends all irritation and pain—banishes

ECZEMA PIMPLES OPEN WOUNDS SORES ITCHING SCALDS BURNS and all kinds of Skin Afflictions in Record Time.

The skin heals rapidly and not a scar remains! Why suffer? Get YOUR tin of *Germolene* INSTANTLY!

6d. 1/3, 3/- & 12/- Per Tin Sold Everywhere

£5-5-0 is offered for your real life adventure story, if accepted, length not exceeding 1,200 words. A stamped addressed envelope for return if unsuitable should be enclosed

RESTLESSNESS IN CHILDREN

The usual cause is constipation. When a child's bowels are full of poisonous waste-matter, natural rest is impossible. A spoonful of 'California Syrup of Figs' gently moves the bowels, clears away all clogging hard waste and leaves the little inside sweet and clean. Once rid of this disagreeable sour matter a child sleeps soundly and wakes up the picture of brightness.

Get a bottle of this safe laxative to-day, but be sure to ask for 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Obtainable everywhere at 1/3 and 2/6. The larger size is the cheaper in the long run.

In constant dread of DUODENAL ULCER

It would be hard to find a more harrowing trouble than the persistent gnawing of indigestion pain. It wears the nerves, making you fear the complications of chronic gastritis and duodenal ulcer, leading probably to a painful operation.

Next time you get an attack of indigestion or burning pain inside, you cannot do better than take a few doses of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder in milk or water. You will be amazed and overjoyed to find how quickly you get relief. Worry turns to joy when you discover that there really *is* a remedy that will put an end to your distress.

Thousands of people write to say that this soothing, healing powder has brought them new life and new hope. Many tell how it has averted serious stomach operation even after other treatments have failed.

Be sure to ask for MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder, which is only genuine if the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" appears on bottle and carton. 1/3, 2/- and 5/-. Powder or Tablets. New slide-top pocket tin (50 tablets) 1/3; also 6d. tin (15 tablets).

That's the best of EASY—
IT STAYS MOIST SO MUCH LONGER

Bless me! Someone's always in a scrape! Which reminds us that shaving is a scrape, too, unless you use Lever's EASY.

Ordinary lathers are apt to dry too quickly. By the time you reach the second side of your face the lather has dried up, the bristles are stiffening again, and it's scrape, scrape, scrape!

But with Lever's EASY the shave is smooth and effortless all the way. For EASY stays moist—keeps the beard *really* soft all through the shave. So use EASY and keep on good terms with your face!

E 286-172-88 A *LEVER* PRODUCT

P.S.
Don't forget to look into "John Bull's" Shop Window—Study the bargains there and win a special prize. *See page 3.*

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN... OFFER

CASH THE COUPONS

"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON

This Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB, iridium tipped. GUARANTEED 2 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be used and will be accepted in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance. Pocket clip 3d. extra.

DE LUXE unbreakable, 1/3 EXTRA, incl. Clip

State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib.

Address—"JOHN BULL," PEN DEPARTMENT, 134-135, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2

VALUE 3d

A GOOD PIPE TOBACCO FOR 10½d. ONLY

A Revelation

AT 10½d. PER OUNCE

Medium-strength brown leaf, cool and lasting. Specially packed to preserve character and weight. At all tobacconists

Here is the name!

One-ounce moisture-proof packets **10½d.**

'Lucky Jim' Shag 1-ounce packets 9½d. *Two-ounce tins* **1/9**

GODFREY PHILLIPS LIMITED

Readers' Competition Service—Conducted by "Compex"

Not too Old at NINETY!

"Bullets" illustrated: When Auntie volunteered—Costume wouldn't "join up!"

I ENJOY competitions, but I am beginning to wonder, now I'm sixty, whether I'm not too old to pit my brains against the rest.—A. H. K., Sheffield.

Many veterans, of both sexes, have found entering for JOHN BULL'S *Contests a profitable as well as an enjoyable hobby. One of the ninety-nine outright Crossword winners—Mrs. E. K. Bradbury, 132, Abbeydale Road South, Sheffield, was eighty years old when she won £500 last October. A few weeks ago a sixty-seven-year-old Birmingham man, Mr. R. Bell, walked away with a "Bullets" Pension. And here is a remarkable feat reported to me by the Competition Editor.*

"Among the letters acknowledging prizes in our 1,168th Contest," he says, "was one from Mr. W. Spearman, 75, Thornton Avenue, Streatham Hill, London. This winner mentioned that he was in his ninetieth year."

If you have a question to ask or an opinion to express about competitions, write to "Compex," Competitors' Parliament, JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Be Original

I was surprised not to receive even a free-entry award. Some of the efforts I entered had won big cash prizes five or six years ago To-day, it seems, they are of no value.—J. F. H., Blackpool.

I submitted an effort which a few months ago had won me a £2 10s. prize in another competition. The example was identically the same, but I did not even receive a minor award. Why is the *Bullets* judging so different? I don't see why it should be.—A. R., Wirral.

You both overlook the fact that as the "Bullets" rules clearly call for originality, neither old winning "Bullets" nor efforts which have appeared in other prize-lists can be regarded as prize-worthy. Judges are not infallible, but such rehashing very seldom pays.

Roget's Thesaurus

I have been advised by a "Bulleteer" friend to obtain Roget's "Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases," but a price like 7s. 6d. is beyond my purse. Can you tell me if a cheaper edition is available?—J. S., Stirling

You can obtain the "Thesaurus," a remarkable collection of words grouped according to meanings, in two handy pocket volumes at 2s each. Just ask your local bookseller.

Meet Jerry

Could you, please, tell me whom "Jerry" represents amongst the characters featured in *Bullets*?—Miss M., Worthing.

He is the average German, the nickname having been given him good-humouredly by our Tommies in the Great War. Here he is in a typical winner: SMOKE OF BATTLE—FORGOTTEN—"JERRY'S FAG" REMEMBERED.

Care Makes Care-free

Week after week I am three or four words away from the winning square in JOHN BULL'S Crossword. I can afford only a sixpenny entry. I know you advise "stickability," but can't you give me a tip that will put me among the winners?—J. R. C., Mansfield.

There is no magic "Open Sesame" to Crossword wealth. But you are doing well: with only three differences from the winning square, you are probably beating most other entrants already. Don't despise the power of a sixpenny entry—to Mrs. F. M. Massey, 5, Westcliffe Walk, Nelson, a sixpenny entry in Crossword No. 152 has just brought £12 Monthly for Life, £500 and a Free Family Holiday!

Novelists? No!

Wouldn't it be a good idea for some famous novelist to decide on the chief *Bullets* winners one week?—A. F. G., Guildford.

No. That would be dead against JOHN BULL'S *policy of undertaking to provide skilled adjudication by men of long experience in that work. Perhaps I'm old-fashioned, but I think novelists should stick to writing novels. After all, a good many have yet to learn how to do their own job!*

Don't be Rude!

I sent in a snorting *Bullet* about Winston Churchill, of whom I thoroughly disapprove. It did not even get a free-entry prize. Are the judges all Tories?—J. C. T., Glasgow.

Each judge's political views are his private concern and would not influence his opinion of your "Bullets." All the same, you'll be wiser to keep to sane and sober comment on public men, remembering that you can be vigorous without being abusive.

No Division

Suppose two individuals, unknown to each other, worked on the same *Example* and happened to enter with it identically the same *Bullet*. If the effort they both hit on was worthy of it, could they divide a big prize?—H. M., Loughborough.

Originality being called for in the rules, "Bullets" prizes are never divided. In a case such as you describe, each entrant would receive a small award.

HOW CORNS COME BACK bigger, uglier

—unless removed ROOT AND ALL

Thousands are praising this new, scientific Blue-Jay method that stops corn pain instantly by removing pressure. Then in three days the entire corn lifts out, root and all. Don't risk infection through trying to cut the corn out and don't give it a chance to come back. Remove it, root and all, the quick, safe scientific Blue-Jay way. 1/3d. per box of Plasters, or in liquid form.

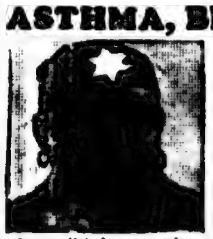
Obtainable from Boots, Timothy Whites and all good chemists.

If any difficulty, write to address below, enclosing P.O. or Stamps for 1/3d. Give name of Chemist.

BLUE-JAY (Brand) CORN PLASTERS or LIQUID

Sole Distributors: British & International Proprietaries Ltd., Africa House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, CATARRH



Gypsy Petulengro, who now offers a Free Treatment.

MY 3 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

WILL START YOUR CURE AT ONCE. Just as I have given health help to thousands who have attended my lectures and read my articles, now Free of cost, I offer to start every sufferer from Asthma, Bronchitis and Catarrh on the road to health. I have prepared for you from my Secret Romany Remedies a 3-day trial treatment. All I ask you to do is to send your name and address and 3d. for postage and packing. Amazing success has attended my special natural treatment for chest and lung troubles. Bad cough ends at once. Breathing is as gentle as a child's. You sleep safe and sound. You are on the road to a cure immediately if you accept my FREE OFFER. Send now to GYPSY PETULENGRO, GYPSY PETULENGRO'S ROMANY REMEDIES, Ltd. (Dept. 467), Purewell, Manta.

Race with "Silver Ring" — Foxborough's 'Leger'?

SECOND thoughts, like latest information, are not always best.

Away back in mid-winter—in the JOHN BULL issue of December 31, 1938, to be precise—I gave advance selections for eight of the season's big events.

Scenery, selected for the One Thousand and Oaks, did not run, the stable winning these events with Galatea II. My Lincoln and Two Thousand Guineas fancies were beaten. For the Grand National I named Workman, and for the Derby I chose Blue Peter.

Fancy odds could have been obtained for these horses on January 1, and, even at starting price, our New Year tips show a very handsome profit.

Unfortunately, I didn't keep my New Year resolutions to the extent of coding Blue Peter for the Derby. Second thoughts, prompted by a study of the colt's pedigree chart, put me off the "good thing."

There remain two races for which I gave advance selections, one being the Ascot Gold Cup, for which I think a fit Rockfel is still entitled to a nap vote. If the filly is not in the field, Mr. James V. Rank is likely to lift the Gold Cup with Michoumy, who ran a real good trial at Hurst Park.

Finally, I forecast Foxborough II for the St. Leger, and this is still a very "live" tip. Everyone is regarding the Doncaster classic as being something in the nature of a match between Blue Peter and Fox Cub, with Galatea II the only possible danger. But, in the autumn of last year, Foxborough II was a real champion, and he will very likely come into his own again in September.

When I saw Foxborough II in his first race, at Newmarket last October, I doubted if he would be as forward as others for spring and early summer engagements this year. The comment against his name on my racecard for that day was "St. Leger sort." First thoughts may be best.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, June 8, to Wednesday, June 14.

X Z Q C 93 B 94 M S R P O 98 T F U 97 L H J I 95 E D K V W A N 96 G Y

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald*, read those above or below, as the case may be. Example: VAJSG94Z would read ROCKFEL.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. K94R93Z294 would read SEVILLE.

PAIN AFTER MEALS

By Dr. F. B. Scott, M.D., Paris

Of all the aches and pains which patients come and tell me about, stomach pain after meals is probably the most common. "I get such stabbing, griping pains after meals," they say, or "my meals give me such a horrible full-up feeling."

Well, it doesn't take long to put these patients right. Their trouble is excess stomach acid—burning acid which ferments in the stomach and leads to all sorts of painful symptoms. In these cases, I simply prescribe 'Bisurated' Magnesia, the standard antacid compound. Within five minutes 'Bisurated' Magnesia neutralises excess acid, and so stops all pain and discomfort. If you suffer from stomach trouble, I strongly recommend you to try 'Bisurated' Magnesia.

Note: 'Bisurated' Magnesia—referred to by Dr. Scott—is available at all chemists at prices from 6d. to 2/6.

SILF

Brand Obesity Tablets.

Reduced Bust - 8 ins.
Reduced Hips - 6 ins.
Reduced Waist 9 ins.

Grateful Lady says:—

"I thought you would be interested to know how your wonderful Silf reduced my weight from 12 st. to 8 st. 7 lb. My measurements were:—Bust, 42 ins.; Hips, 42 ins.; and Waist, 34 ins. Now my measurements are:—Bust, 34 ins.; Hips, 36 ins.; and Waist, 25 ins.; so you can see for yourself the marvellous difference."

THERE'S NO NEED TO BE STOUT—no need to starve yourself, take dangerous drugs, nor pursue body-straining exercises. Just take SILF Brand OBESITY TABLETS—the SURE and safe way to SLIMNESS. 'SILF' improves your health as it also keeps your weight down. Guaranteed harmless. All Chemists, 1/3, 3/- and 5/- per box, or post free by sending the price to

THE SILF CO. LTD. (Dept. 467), 39, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.1.

No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy.

It keeps your liver LIVELY

It keeps your liver KEEN

You take it every morning

And its name is LIVACLEAN

Put dull, irritable, half-alive days behind you for good with a daily glass of Livaclean. This sparkling brand-new health salt brings your liver the aid and energy it needs to cope with the waste and poisons that load up the blood and slow down all activity. Livaclean gently cleanses, purifies and stimulates in a healthful, natural way to make you glow with breezy life and energy. Health benefits. Work benefits. Face and figure benefit. **There is nothing else like Livaclean.** Take it every day!

IT'S MADE BY MACLEANS

Price 9d. per tin. Double size economy tin 1/4

LIVACLEAN
keeps your liver LIVELY

Constant NERVOUS HEADACHES . . . mean that your whole Nervous System is undermined, affecting

YOUR Cranial Nerves

Those terrible pains through your temples, agonising flashes which seem to shoot right through your brain are due to nerves.

AREA OF PAIN

Right across the forehead, between the temples. Sometimes the pain shoots through the top of your head and travels round the back in agonising spasms.

Sick or nervous headaches, unlike the ordinary headache, are utterly prostrating. Men suffer from them, too. They are entirely due to 'nerves.' Dr. Cassells treatment is extremely effective. Both the underlying nervous condition and the general health are improved, out of all knowledge. The attacks cease and the fear of recurrence, which is to nerve destroying, is entirely dispelled.

A NERVE TONIC is the Treatment for Your Case

You must tone up the WHOLE SYSTEM!

No sufferer from chronic nervous debility and all the various symptoms it brings with it—lassitude, depression, gastric weakness, loss of strength and chronic ill-health—can afford to neglect a tonic and restorative which has brought permanent relief to countless thousands of victims.

Dr. Cassells Tablets contain all those vital reconstructive elements which medical science teaches us are necessary for rebuilding the body when the general vitality is undermined and nerve weakness shows itself in one of many ways—sleeplessness, palpitations, chronic headaches, general loss of power and neuritis.

The secret of the wonderful tonic restorative properties of Dr. Cassells Tablets is that they contain those nerve foods, tissue forming substances, and vital stimulants in correct and highly concentrated doses. The 1/3 size would cost five times that amount if you had it specially made for you. And all the ingredients are present in an *active form.* They really restore you and build you up. Get a supply of Dr. Cassells Tablets and take your first dose today.

Prices: 1/3, 3/- & 5/-. TRIAL SIZE 6D

WHAT SUFFERERS SAY:—

Insomnia, sleep impossible—
"Since taking Dr. Cassells I can sleep."

Very severe nervous breakdown—
"In less than 2 weeks on Dr. Cassells I was a different person."

After a long illness—
"Dr. Cassells gave me great relief."

Nerves—
"I find Dr. Cassells are the best because the benefits are lasting."

Neurasthenia for 20 years—
"After 3 boxes of Dr. Cassells felt a different man entirely."

Feared serious breakdown—
"Dr. Cassells Tablets are the only tonic to do me any good."

Giddiness, loss of energy—
"Am now never tired of recommending Dr. Cassells Tablets—I have such faith in them."

Bodily weakness—
"Dr. Cassells are wonderful, there is nothing better for weakness and nerve suffering."

Headaches, depression—
"I consider Dr. Cassells Tablets splendid and I endorse all the claims you make."

Now make up YOUR mind to get properly well—with Dr. Cassells Tablets.

DR. CASSELLS TABLETS
Brand
The Finest NERVE TONIC in the World

FREE to DOG and CAT LOVERS

Trial Supply of a Remarkable New Discovery & Free Book!

YOUR dog or cat can now live longer in good health. Widespread tests establish that Volvitac, the new discovery, ensures complete freedom from most common dog and cat ailments. Think of it, a few drops of Volvitac in their drinking water and no more distemper, worms, gastritis, or other troubles. Readers of "John Bull" should send immediately for a free trial supply and a copy of the Volvitac Book, outlining the approved treatment for all common disorders of your pet. Write at once to Volvitac, Dept. J.B., Hamlyn & Houben, Ltd., 110, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4, enclosing 3d. stamp to cover postage and packing. If you prefer, fill in the coupon on page 31, attaching the 3d. stamp and enclose both in a sealed envelope (bearing 1½d. stamp).

HURRY! ANOTHER WONDERFUL ★ BARGAIN—

SENSATIONAL MATTRESS OFFER

★ ***2/6 MONTHLY (No Deposit) SECURES 4ft. 6in. FULL SIZE SPRING INTERIOR MATTRESS (Sanitised—Antiseptic—Germ-proof).***

THIS bargain offer is available for a short time only. A special supply has been reserved for "John Bull" readers. First instalment of 2/6 and your promise to pay the balance of 30/- at the rate of 2/6 a month (or 29/6 cash) secures this sturdy, strong and reliable full-size mattress. Obtainable in attractive damask cover in variety of colourings. Send your order to-day (mentioning JOHN BULL) to either of the addresses below.

Also FREE CATALOGUE of OTHER FURNITURE BARGAINS!

Home lovers should make a point of getting a copy of a Free Furniture Bargain Book crammed full of other Furniture bargains. Write, mentioning "John Bull," to either Jas. Woodhouse and Sons, 55/61, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, or the Chesterfield Furniture Co., Ltd., 439 441, Oxford Street, London, W.1., to whom orders for bargain mattress should be sent.

URACE for RHEUMATISM

FREE SAMPLE! From Bowlby & Phillips, Ltd., 28m Bassett St., London, E.C.1

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ONE of the world's greatest holiday resorts, Blackpool offers you health, gaiety and a hundred and one other unrivalled facilities. A Free copy of the New Holiday Journal explaining all about its attractions is offered on p. 29. Write for a copy Now!

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Now perfectly well!

That's not an uncommon experience. Thousands of people have suffered from digestive disorders for 20 years or more and then obtained complete relief through Mother Seigels Brand Digestive Syrup. There's nothing drastic about Mother Seigels, but relief is felt from the very first dose. Slowly but surely, the digestive organs are toned up—given new life. Food is digested more easily, and even hearty meals don't cause pain. With the digestion right, your nerves will be steadier, you'll sleep better, and feel better. All this thanks to Mother Nature, who provides the medicinal roots, herbs and barks from which Mother Seigels Brand Digestive Syrup is made. Try it. 1/3 and 3/- at chemists everywhere. It will do you a world of good.

SCIATICA & NEURITIS

A speedy treatment

Anybody in the cruel grip of Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago or other form of agonising Rheumatism naturally wants the quickest possible relief from the unbearable pain. Such relief can come only when the fiery acid crystals are broken down and rinsed away—not an easy matter when the crystals are set deep in tissues or muscles.

The minerals of certain great Spa Waters, however, are celebrated for their powerful anti-Rheumatic action and similar minerals are nowadays available for *everybody* in the form of Fynnon Salt. One teaspoonful of the Salt in a tumblerful of water every morning is a splendid remedy—simple, inexpensive and marvellously effective. It has brought speedy relief and new health to thousands!

Fynnon's curative elements of Sodium, Potassium and Lithium, etc., dissolve even the most deep-set acid crystals. They also restore liver and kidneys to full, healthy activity, so that the acid residue, together with any poisons and toxins present, are rinsed clean away. The whole system is thus refreshed and invigorated—giving you not merely peace and ease, but rousing new health.

Large tins (a month's supply) 1/3 from all Chemists.

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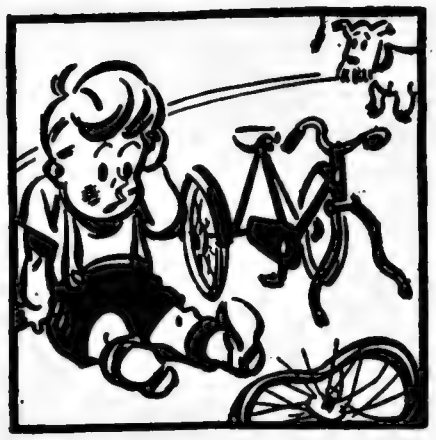
The Editor Laughs Last



A trouble shared is a trouble halved. When you don't know which way to turn to decide your course of action in that matter of Investment, House Purchase, Income Tax, or any other subject, remember that JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service is at your disposal.

All you have to do is to send a stamped, addressed envelope with your enquiry. We will do the rest. Make use of this unique feature of modern journalism. It is free and it is *yours*.

Address your enquiry to Free Advice Department, JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. The replies given below to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

COMEDIAN (Highgate).—"Throughout my turn, I began to think of my early struggles and all kinds of things came to me." From the gallery?

P. B. (Goring).—"How do you explain the miracle of a tiny seed becoming a large lettuce?" It may have been one your neighbour's hens overlooked.

P. G. K. (Durham).—"I am teaching my small boy the whole art of boxing." You mean you are bringing him up in the way he should go for you?

D. B. (Tring).—"The American father is generally referred to as Pop." In this country the word is more often used when referring to Uncle.

W. P. (Hemsby).—"How can I find out the real age of a woman?" Offer to buy her a pearl necklace with a pearl for every year of her age.

W. B. (Diss).—"When I buy a newspaper I always read between the lines just to find out which way the wind is blowing." We take ours to the end of the pier and just let go of it.

E. T. (Chatham).—"What would some criminals do without clever lawyers to defend them?" Time.

S. K. (Bolton).—"What could be more difficult to lick into shape than the present political situation?" An ice-cream cornet.

R. V. (London, W.C.).—"The chorus girls asked for their dresses to be about an inch longer." Surely that was quite a modest request.

MAC. (Aberdeen).—"It is a myth that the average Scotsman is mean and thrifty." Then prove it next time by putting a stamp on your envelope!

P. A. (Reading).—"A man can live on onions alone." A man who lives on onions would almost certainly be left to live alone.

S. R. (Wood Green).—"Would you advise me to let the villain in my play take poison or shoot himself?" Let him shoot himself; it'll wake the audience up.

T. J. (Chelsea).—"Did you see my name placarded up all over London?" No, we rarely read the notices outside police stations.

B. H. (Staines).—"What can prompt a man to fast in a barrel for fourteen days at the seaside?" Perhaps his usual boarding-house is booked up.

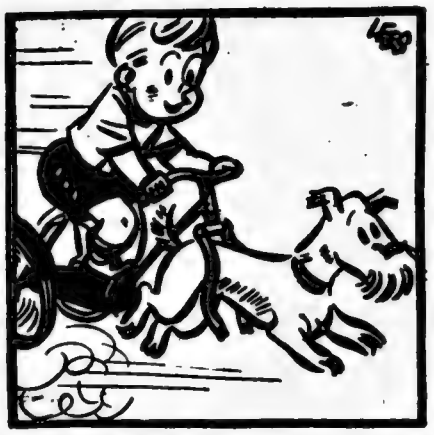
L. G. (Eastbourne).—"If a girl is a good needle-woman the cost of a sun-bathing costume can be reduced almost to nothing." So, apparently, can the sun-bathing costume.

P. M. (Leeds).—"I have invented a metal-detector so sensitive that not even the smallest pin can remain hidden." You don't know the laundry that does our shirts

NOVELIST (Swaffham).—"I think that when you have read the enclosed manuscript, you will agree that I am incapable of deceiving anybody." We are convinced that you couldn't tell a story if you tried!

M. N. (Barnet).—"What do you think my American friend said to the restaurant manager when he was served with tough roast beef after waiting nearly half an hour?" What kind of a joint is this?

T. J. (Tamworth).—"There are far fewer railway accidents than motor-car spills in this country." Well, after all, the stoker doesn't nestle up to the driver and hold his hand while he is travelling at speed.



SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

CHORLEY GUARDIAN: —"Gradually add two tablespoonsful of flour and a pinch of salt, then leave the FIXTURE to stand."

THE DOG WORLD:—"I've just had a most enthusiastic LITTER from Mr. R. M. H——. . . ."

DUBLIN EVENING MAIL:—"At a meeting of the MOUSING Committee of the Dublin Corporation to-day, in the City Hall . . ."

NORTHERN DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"The house was in a filthy and neglected condition. The bedroom was apparently AMUSED."

PADIHAM ADVERTISER: —"The seizure of Italy BY Albania, which actually occurred on Good Friday . . ."

MRS. R. (Ilkley).—"Who has less change than the busy housewife?" A taxi-driver.

DORIS (Crewe).—"He whispered sweet nothings to me in a field of golden corn." Didn't he realise that it had ears, too?

MR. H. (Redcar).—"I suffer a lot. I am a martyr to dyspepsia." See letter below.

MRS. H. (Redcar).—"I suffer a lot. My husband is a dyspeptic and I am a martyr to his bad temper." See letter above.

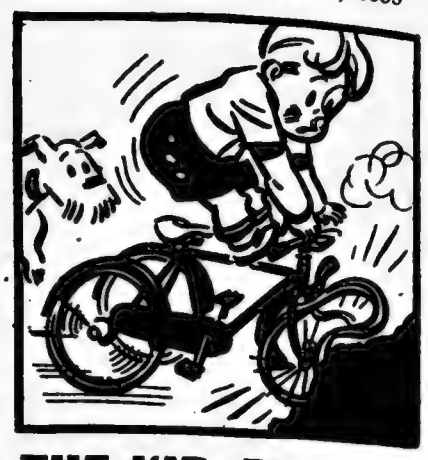
D. N. (Middleton).—"A railway porter I know says that carrying trunks about reduces weight.' What about elephants?

N. B. (Taplow).—"I am getting ready for my summer holidays." And, no doubt, you will need it.

E. L. (Ealing).—"A well-known animal impersonator recently joined the regular army." We trust he never so far forgets himself as to bark at the sergeant-major.

F. B. (London, E. C.).—"When retrenchment is in the air it is the junior office employees who go first." The big guns are the last to be fired.

M. V. (Wincanton).—"What is there to spoil that moment on a summer evening when a cool breeze begins to blow in through the windows?" Generally smoke from a neighbour's bonfire.



THE KID—BY LEES

MRS. R. K. (Wembley).—"What would the parks be like in summer without the beautiful flowers?" Just parks!

J. S. (Wakefield).—"I knew my husband was going away for some time." He kissed you before he went out?

A. L. (Pitsea).—"Does it seem conceited to say that two pretty girls followed me down the road?" Not at all. Did you buy a flag in the end?

J. S. (Dunbar).—"My son can somersault down a steep flight of stairs without injuring himself." He'll probably be a commercial traveller when he grows up.

W. M. (St. Albans).—"I asked him what he took me for." And what did the policeman say?

E. M. (Edgware).—"I have found that a second-hand car is quite all right." As far as it goes.

A. S. (Kettering).—"I made my wife sit up and take notice." You were talking in your sleep?

J. K. (Royton).—"I am a great lover of tidiness and like to see everything in its proper place." Just so!

B. W. (Harrow).—"Can you explain why some people queue up for hours outside a theatre?" To get in.

C. M. B. (Whitby).—"My wife insists on my putting a pane of glass in myself." Can't she see through you already?"

W. T. (Bath).—"My cat swallowed a dice the other day." It must have felt like a square meal.

F. D. (Dudley).—"Who can possibly object to holiday-makers undressing behind the rocks?" The proprietors of bathing huts.

E. B. (Tiptree).—"Some people eat strawberries with cream, some with sugar and some with ice. What do you eat them with?" Relish.

R. M. (Chertsey).—"The Government's arguments in favour of garden air raid shelters do not hold water." But the shelters do.

D. N. (Balham).—"A rat gnawed right through our front door, and where do you think I found it?" On the other side.

ANNIE (Pontefract).—"How is a really good hash made—what is the secret?" There's no secret. Hash isn't made—it just accumulates.

S. N. (Minehead).—"To get to the top of the tree one must have an incentive." An infuriated bull is as good as anything.

L. R. (Rochdale).—"Three editors have refused an article of mine on the Monument." What on earth were they doing up there?

R. N. (Bude).—"You've never seen sweet-pea plants like mine." Don't be too sure—we've seen some pretty bad ones.

A. G. (Silloth).—"Do you agree that postmen perform an invaluable service to the community?" Not after your letter was delivered to us.

J. C. (Glasgow).—"Please send some suggestions for our honeymoon holiday." There's just what you want on page 43—and a Pension Prize to keep your pockets jingling for life.

M. F. (Bedford).—"I soon discovered that making my wife a monthly allowance did not work." Did she make a point of spending it before you could borrow it back?

ANGUS (Dundee).—"I do not like your London taxicabs. They upset me." We think we understand. If you sit with your back to the driver you get sick; and if you sit facing the taximeter you feel just as bad?

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

BE YOUR OWN BOSS.

MAKE money, sell again. Ladies', Gent's & Children's Bargains in Drapery, Silk Stockings, Hankies, Socks, Neckties, etc. Catalogue & Guide free, worth pounds.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

CROCKERY. 120 asstd. articles 10/-. 48 cups, scrs. 4/-. Glass & Hardware. Dinner Set Free. Cat. & Guide Free.—Sr.dge St. Pottery,9,Burslem.

HOSIERY, Underwear, Overalls, Haberdashery, Manchester, etc. Everything for the Retailer. Trade's lowest prices. Small quantities supplied. Send for Catlgs.—Archer's, Castle Gate, Nott'm.

DRAPERS.—112-p. Illus. Spring Catlg. Post Free. Covers all depts., also Boots and Shoes. Finest selection of perfect goods at keenest prices. Satis. Guid. Wholesale only.—Myers & Co., (L. & M.), Ltd., 7, Trinity Street, Leeds.

SELL direct from our Free Catalogues of Household, Fashion and Fancy Goods. Shopkeepers, Traders and Beginners should write to Dept. J.B., The Houndsditch Warehouse Co., Ltd., Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

FREE ILLUS. PRICE LIST to dealers and beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, etc., etc. (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS., Dept. A., 39, Houndsditch, London, E.C.

MEN'S Smart Med. Grey GABARDINE TROUSERS, stylish fit, 6/9, carr. pd. Also Ladies' BLUE or GREY FLANNELS, fitted zips, smart cut, 6/9, carr. pd. State size waist and inside leg. All hand-finished.—Banner, 640, High Road, London, E.11.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

AGENTS Wanted.—Estonian Xmas Club. Free Gift every Agent. Highest Comm. No outlay. Choco., Fancy Goods, Drapery, Toys, Cigs., etc. Wines for Agents. Send for Catalogue and partics.—Eatons, (Dept. 23), Wortley, Leeds, 12.

XMAS CLUB AGENTS. Highest Commission. Free gift. Big Cash prizes. Cat. free. F. J. TATE, 38, NEVILLE STREET, LEEDS, 1.

XMAS Club Agents wanted Choco., Cigs., Fancy Goods. Prompt service, delivery. Comm. not reduced. Partics. free.—Garratt, Stockley St., Northampton.

XMAS CLUB AGENTS should write for details of best Commission offer yet made.—Brigonia, 80B, East Parade, Bradford.

EMPLOYMENT.

CAREERS FOR BOYS.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR BOYS TO LEARN A TRADE FREE OF COST. The Regular Army requires about 800 boys for training as Blacksmiths, Carpenters and Joiners, Coppersmiths, Electricians, Fitters and Turners. Candidates, who must be between the ages of 14 and 16 years 6 months of age, according to trade selected, on 1st September, 1939, will be required to pass an educational examination to be held on 4th July, 1939. Application to sit at the examination must be lodged with an Army Recruiting Officer not later than 22nd June, 1939. Further particulars may be had from any Army Recruiting Office or direct from the War Office (A.G.19), London, S.W.1.

ROYAL NAVY.

CLERICAL BRANCHES.—An open competitive examination (English and Arithmetic) for Writer and Supply Probationers will be held at Manchester, Rosyth, Chatham, Portsmouth and Devonport on Tuesday, 11th July, 1939.

Candidates must be sons of British-born subjects, 18 and under 23 years of age on 1st September, 1939.

Full particulars and forms of application which must be completed and forwarded before July 3rd, 1939, can be obtained on application (preferably by Post Card) from The Recruiting Staff Officer, Royal Navy and Royal Marines, at:—

55, Whitehall, London, S.W.1.
5/6, Edgbaston Street, Birmingham, 5.
121, Victoria Street, Bristol, 1.
98, Green Lane, Derby.
308, Bath Street, Glasgow, C.2.
Colonial Buildings, Paradise Street, Liverpool.
Lloyds House, Albert Square, Manchester, 2.
184, Westmorland Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 4.
6, Orchard Place, Queen's Park, Southampton.
The Commodore, Royal Navy Barracks, Portsmouth, Chatham or Devonport.
The Commanding Officer, H.M.S. "Cochrane," Rosyth.

G.P.O. Engineering Dept. (no experience required). Commencing £3 13s. per week. Age 18-22. Excellent prospects. Free details of Entrance Exam. from B.I.E.T. (Dept. 527), 17-19, Stratford Place, LONDON, W.1.

AIR FORCE.—Young men will be Wanted as Clerks, Engineers, etc.; our postal Courses will get you through the entrance examinations. Particulars free.—Dept. L.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

POLICE RECRUITS' HANDBOOK for 1939 (FREE). Contains information on Pay, Prospects and new Entrance Department for all Forces. — Prospective recruits (aged 19-25) should apply for free copy to B.T.I. (Dept. 603), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

SCHOOL ATTENDANCE OFFICERS. Excellent pay and prospects with pension. No exp. reqd. FREE details of vacancies and preparation therefor apply. Chambers College (Dept. 819), 235, High Holborn, W.C.1.

ENGINEERS, now is your chance to dig yourself into a Key position and make your future solid. It needs Technical Training; we can give you that by post. Full particulars free.—Dept. D.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

CUSTOMS AND EXCISE.—Attractive careers offered to keen young men aged 19-21. Commencing pay, £3 8s. The Entrance Exam. is not difficult.—For full details apply to B.T.I. (Dept. 601), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

MEN who can handle tools "Wood or Metal" wanted as TEACHERS OF HANDICRAFTS in the Boys' Day Schools. Our Correspondence Course will fit you for an appointment. Advice on all Careers FREE.—Dept. E.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

CIVIL SERVICE VACANCIES. The new Edition of Civil Service Handbook is now ready for public distribution. Those desiring details of openings, age limits, pay, entrance exams. for all branches of the service (either sex—aged 15 upwards) are advised to apply for this Free Handbook immediately to B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 356, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

DRAUGHTSMEN. — Numerous vacancies available in Electrical, Mechanical, Aeronautical and other branches of Engineering; Building; C.P.O., etc., for men age 17-40. Exp. unnecessary if willing to learn. Details of openings, salaries, prospects etc., FREE from B.I.E. (Dept. 362), Staple Inn Buildings, W.C.1.

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RATE 10s. per line.

A line averages six words. Minimum Charge 10s.

Advertisements with remittance must be received not later than noon on Wednesday, 8 days before publication.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

YOUNG Men physically fit should join the police. Study at home in your spare time. Special courses for Entrance and Promotion. Full particulars or advice about other careers, Commercial, Technical or Civil Service, FREE. —Dept. A.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

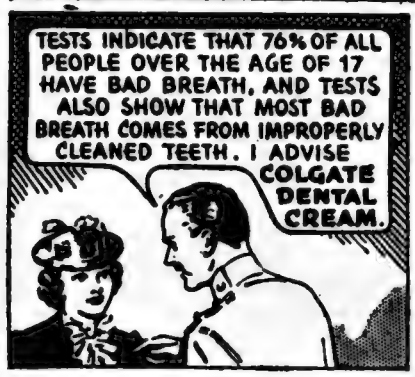
REPORTERS and Journalists are wanted all over the world. No apprenticeship. Our postal course is sufficient.—Dept. J.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

WALLPAPERS direct from Mills from 2d. per roll. 250 patterns post free.—OSBORNE MILLS, Dept. 9, Rochdale Road, MANCHESTER

WOOLS.—Knit from 2d. oz.: Angora, 3d. ball; Rug Chenille, 7½d.; Thrums, 1/-; 6-ply, 1/-, etc. Please enclose 2d. for samples and Rug Guide.—Newcastle Wool Co., Ltd. (Dept. 71), Nc/Tyne.

DISTINCTIVE Stationery, printed your address. Special introductory wallet of 50 for 1/3 post free.—J. Ellis, 11, Feather St., Flint, N.W.

BUT WHY SHOULD THEY SAY THAT ABOUT BOB AND ME?
LOOK JOAN! THEY MEANT THAT...WELL THAT YOU OUGHT TO SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!


TESTS INDICATE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH, AND TESTS ALSO SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM.

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH
"You see, Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach... removes the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth and much tooth decay. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent thoroughly cleans the enamel — makes teeth sparkle!"
FORMER 1/- SIZE
NOW ONLY 10½d
COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
THE LARGEST TUBE AT THE PRICE!
[also 6d. & 1/6]

POST OFFICE VACANCIES. — Both sexes—aged 15 to 23—no experience.—For full particulars of posts available throughout the country, salaries, etc., apply B.T.I. (Dept. 531), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

SHEET METAL WORKERS wanted everywhere. Now is your chance to get into a Key Position. Our Postal Courses will make you efficient. Particulars free.—Dept. S.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

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CIVIL SERVICE.—Thousands of pensionable appointments made every year; ages 15-24. Our tuition fees from £4 4s. No extra charge for monthly payments. Full particulars free.—Dept. C.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

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WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2d. per roll. SEND for patterns post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 82, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

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RETAILERS & SMALL TRADERS who have never explored the great Mail Order Field will do well to enquire all about THIS MODERN METHOD OF TRADING.

FREE ADVICE & INITIAL HELP GIVEN BY EXPERTS. No matter whether you be Tailor, Jeweller, Draper or sell Boots & Shoes, Furniture, Household Goods, or indeed anything. By advertising in *John Bull's* "Shop Window" your Bargain Offers can be quickly brought before MILLIONS OF PROSPECTIVE CUSTOMERS. As an instance, a single advertisement brought one advertiser NO LESS THAN 3,000 REPLIES. Why not share in this big business? Write on business letterheading for full particulars of free advertising service to:—The Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Department, *John Bull*, 57/59, Long Acre, LONDON, W.C.2.

GARDENING.

LOOK to your Lawn. Now is the right time to secure a Garden Scythe from Wm. Penn, Ltd. See the advertisement on page 3.

PORTABLE BUILDING CONSTRUCTION REVOLUTIONISED! Sheds, Garages, Greenhouses, etc., made from genuine Red Cedar. Will not warp, crack or shrink. Beautiful appearance. From 27/6, or 2/- down. FREE DELIVERY. Send for FREE Illustrated Catalogue.—R. B. Hall & Co. (Kent.) Ltd., 39, Paddock Wood, Kent

HOW to rid your Garden of pests. Slugs, snails, woodlice, multipedes, greenfly, fruit maggots—you can free your garden entirely by following Richard Sudell's advice given in the June number of GARDENING. In its 100 pages you find 27 helpful articles and features, all written in "me-and-you" language, including do's and don'ts on vegetables and fruit, the garden under glass, breeding hardy chrysanthemums, window-box gardening, summer bedding, how to set a sundial, what to do in June, etc., etc., with over 100 photographs and diagrams. Get your copy of the June GARDENING to-day. It's pocket size. Obtainable everywhere, price sixpence.

HOLIDAY CAMPS.

HOLIDAY CAMP BUREAU, 140a, Shaftesbury Av., W.C.2. Send stamp for List J of 50 selected Camps. Bookings made FREE. Tem. 4965.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21 Warwick Lane E.C.4.

HEADACHE AND COLDS successfully treated by Cephos, prescription of Eminent Physician. Safe and certain. Does not affect heart. Powder or Tablet form. Send p.c. for FREE Sample.—CEPHOS, LTD. (Dept. 29), BLACKBURN.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance, New Discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs. Durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (526Y), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive cure for removing the causes. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Generous Supply or 1½d. stamp for details. — Ridyard Tablet Co., 14-28, Codnor, Derby.

RUPTURED! Doctors, clergymen, gardeners —everyone is praising the Improved Pallant Ball and Socket Truss. Extremely light, yet immensely strong; no understraps and no pressure on hips. So safe and comfortable that wearers can forget that they are ruptured.—Write or call, Blunden's, Dept. 1230, 9, Oxford St., W.1.

IF you suffer from Catarrh, don't overlook the Nostrolips advert. on page 27, in which a free sample can be obtained for a trial.

FREE.—Send a p.c. for a generous free trial bottle of D.D.D. prescription.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to D.D.D. Laboratories (Dept. M.N.10), Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4. See p. 20.

SUFFERERS from hair troubles can obtain a testing packet of Kotalko and tablet of Kotalko Soap on receipt of 3d. and the coupon on p. 33 filled in with your name and address.

FREE to sufferers from bad legs and all circulatory troubles. Fill in the coupon on the Back Cover for free sample of Elasto, the bio-medical remedy, and a copy of a special free booklet fully explaining the Elasto treatment. Send the coupon now, while you think of it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WATCHES, Clocks, Jewellery, Personal Wear, can all be obtained on most advantageous terms from Edwards Bros., 29, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1. Write for free illus. catlg.

BABY CLOTHES, 30/-. Complete Layette, 75 home-made garments, suitable from birth to one year. Long or short clothes. Super Nursing Home Outfit, 42/-. Send 2/-. Pcl. on Appro. Mrs. Howard, 66, Dover Rd., Portsmouth.

FREE.—Send for free copy of the new Holiday Journal, telling you all about Blackpool. Write now to W. Foster, Dept. 14, Town Hall, Blackpool. If you have never spent a holiday at Blackpool, get this free Guide and see for yourself how marvellous it is. See page 29.

TO build up a constitution sturdy enough to meet the stern demands of modern life, give your children Shredded Wheat for breakfast. Few foods are as rich in all the essential nourishing elements as Shredded Wheat. There's health in every helping! Of all grocers, 8d. per packet. See page 20.

MOTHERS, send for this free Book! If you have a baby, you must have a copy of "Hints to Mothers." Just send a postcard, mentioning *John Bull*, to John Steedman and Co., 270, Walworth Road, London, S.E.17, and a free copy will come by return. See page 32.

MANY doctors nowadays advise taking Keystone Burgundy with meals, because it contains NATURAL organic iron in such a pleasant and effective form. Iron is essential to your blood and health, for your mental and bodily well-being depends on the amount of iron you get. This is not always obtained from the food you eat and the fluids you drink. All wine merchants and licensed grocers sell Keystone Burgundy. Get some to-day! See page 26.

FREE.—A Recipe Book and particulars of "Regulo" oven heat control and new features for still better cooking. A choice of delightful colours make the latest "New World" the most efficient and elegant Cooker for the modern kitchen. Fill in the coupon on page 25, or write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Radiation, Ltd. (Dept. 824/9), 164, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4. Full details of this method of Regulo cooking and free Recipe Book will be sent by return.

KELLOGG'S big golden Corn Flakes are so deliciously crisp that nobody can resist them. Quick and easy to serve—there's no cooking—a bowl full with milk and sugar will provide a sustaining breakfast. Ask your grocer for Kellogg's—only 5½d. for a big family packet. See page 16.

FREE to dog and cat lovers. Send immediately for a free trial supply of Volvitac, the new discovery which ensures complete freedom from most common dog and cat ailments. Write at once to Volvitac, Dept. J.B., Hamlyn & Houben, Ltd., 110, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4, enclosing 3d. stamp to cover postage and packing. A free book outlining approved treatment for all pet disorders will also be sent to you. See also page 33.

ONE WEEK ONLY TO WIN 'JOHN BULL'S' GIANT

£3 CASH WEEKLY

ENORMOUS 3-in-1 X-WORD £1 PRIZE —OR ONE LUMP SUM OF £1,350 CASH

Who's Next for Crossword WEALTH?

Here is Mrs. F. M. Massey, 5, Westcliffe Walk, Nelson, soon off for a glorious Free Holiday in Devonshire to celebrate her £12 Monthly Life Pension and £500 cash, won in "John Bull" Crossword No. 152.

FOLLOW this woman mill-worker to the top of *John Bull's* sensational Crossword prize-list before you this week, and *your* staggering reward will be £3 Weekly for Life, £500 cash and a Free Family Holiday!

Although this is a monster attraction, supported by increased Holiday Cash for Runners-up, Unlimited Holiday Gifts and £10 Bonuses, this opportunity is yours for ONE WEEK ONLY. Start now on the Clues, post on or before Friday, June 16—and the result may well be independence for life FOR YOU!

ACROSS CLUES

1. It's not difficult to tell a good one
4. If you take up palmistry seriously you'll have to study this
5. Possess
6. Conjurer occasionally introduces small one into his act
9. Begins egot stically
13. You can get this from first-aid man when there's been an accident
14. Simple one is easy to construct
15. Firm normally expects to make reasonable profit on this
17. It will probably be annoying if you get dust in this
20. Many of our hotels have their own private ones
21. Is occasionally connected with the mains
22. Some men take this for lunch

DOWN CLUES

1. How murdered man was this will probably give detectives useful clue
2. Light blow
3. One often closes with a catch
4. Sometimes badly put on
7. People find this ideal for lunch at times
8. Some people go to seaside in holiday season just to get this
10. Something which buzzes in indignation
11. Good tackle will help to get this
12. Expert can swiftly tell the value of one as a rule
14. Bad one may cause you lot of annoyance
16. Dressmaker is liable to make an unintentional one when hurrying over work
18. You would be interested in good talk on yours
19. Is often an absolute certainty

CLOSING POSTMARK—FRIDAY, JUNE 16

Read these Rules—Terms and Conditions on page 33

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of sixpence for each two squares submitted; two squares allowed FREE with each six paid.

2.—Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be sent by post as directed (not delivered by hand) and bear POSTMARK of not later than Friday, June 16, 1939. Entries from addresses outside the British Isles must be received not later than Saturday, June 17.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, June 29. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, July 4, in accordance with directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £1,350 cash will be paid instead of the Three-in-one Award.

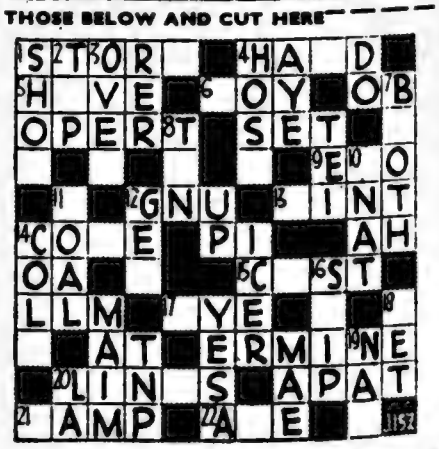
6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 157. NEW CLOSING POSTMARK, FRIDAY, JUNE 16.

IF USING 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE



2 SQUARES 6d.

4 SQUARES 1s.

In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and enclose

Signed ..... P.O. value .....

Address ..... No. .....

.....

for LIFE
PLUS £500
and FREE FAMILY HOLIDAY
£150 increased HOLIDAY CASH BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP
FREE GIFTS
ADDED TO PRIZES
Entry of Two 6d. Coupons entitles you to your choice of FREE GIFT with any prize won—you may choose Folding Camera, Expanding Suitcase, Picnic Outfit or Case of Groceries. Entry of THREE or more 6d. Coupons secures any TWO of these FREE GIFTS with prize.
UNLIMITED £10 HOLIDAY CHEQUES
One to EVERY Cash Winner in this Crossword No. 157 who wins any cash prize in next week's Contest No. 158—SEE THAT YOU ENTER NEXT WEEK ALSO

COMBINED ENTRY PRIVILEGES, including FREE "BULLETS."

If desired, your Crossword entry may be enclosed with *Bullets* entry, with single Postal Order sufficient to cover both Entry-fees. Make such Postal Order payable to "John Bull," cross /& Co./. Address Combined Entry envelope Crossword No. 157, and *Bullets* No. 1,175, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking it "C and B" in top left-hand corner. Closing *postmark* of Saturday, June 17, allowed for such combined entries, thus providing Crosswords with an extra day if also entering for *Bullets*.

Each sender of Crossword Entry value 1s. 6d. or over is permitted to submit one *Bullets* coupon for current Offer ABSOLUTELY FREE, provided it is enclosed with and bears same name and address as Crossword entry.

APPLY QUICKLY IF YOU NEED EXTRA SQUARES

For this Special Contest only, you may send as many entries as you wish, and may enclose all in the same envelope. For additional supply send at once a penny postcard to JOHN BULL'S "Crossword Gazette" Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2, stating number of sixpenny Entry Forms required. Supply limited, so apply at once.

ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 157, "JOHN BULL," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 157. NEW CLOSING POSTMARK, FRIDAY, JUNE 16.

FREE SQUARES BELOW Available only for "John Bull" Crossword No. 157, and if accompanied by paid entries value 1s. 6d.

6 SQUARES 1s. 6d. allowing 2 SQUARES FREE

In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and enclose P.O. value .....

Signed .....

Address ..... No. .....

.....

☛ NEW HELP for "Crossworders"—See page 36

3 BIG CHEQUES WON IN CROSSWORD No. 154

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 154 the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious Sets of Answers for one Square (see on right) were the following three competitors:—

W. AINSCOUGH, 2, Bridge Terrace, Maidstone, Kent.
A. F. COLES, 29, Strathmairn St., Roath, Cardiff.
C. JONES, 14, Hill St., Farnworth, Lancs.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the competition, these competitors share the First Prize of £500, and a cheque for £166 13s. 4d. will be sent to each.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted an entry eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, June 13, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all entries submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny," and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £100 award to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 480 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by means of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive 4s. 2d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

£5 Holiday Cash will be sent to every cash winner in Contest No. 154 who also secures a cash prize in Crossword No. 155.

A useful Surprise Award will be posted this week to each of the entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer.

WINNING WORDS.

ACROSS.—1. HARE. 2. DUNCE. 4. SEA. 9. POWER. 11. TERM. 13. BID. 14. METAL. 15. LAY. 16. TIE. 19. GREEN.
DOWN.—1. HASP. 2. DAY. 3. CANE. 5. FORM. 6. SWOP. 7. WET. 8. HUM. 9. PIPE. 10. REP. 12. GATE. 14. MOPS. 17. EAR. 18. GUY.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 152.

The £100 Bonus offered in connection with Crossword No. 152 has been divided between twenty-six competitors and payments of £3 17s. 0d. have been despatched.

£10 Continuity Bonuses, offered to cash prize winners in Crossword No. 152, were secured by the following two competitors: J. J. Laye, 4, Lichfield Rd., N.W.2; and A. Tompkins, 225, Bath St., Glasgow.

WINNING SQUARE

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the square above.

Reasons for Committee's findings will appear in next week's "Crossword Gazette," complimentary copy of which is obtainable by sending a penny postcard to Gazette Dept., 30, Bedford St., W.C.2.

YOU ARE INVITED TO ENCLOSE THIS COUPON WITH YOUR ENTRY

By using this Reservation Coupon you automatically qualify to receive a Bonus value £2 added to any prize you win in this week's great Holiday Offer.

CUT ROUND BROKEN LINE

BONUS COUPON

Affix 1½d. Stamp Here

Please register me for SIX WEEKS' supply, or extension of supply, of the new BLOT-FREE "CROSSWORD GAZETTE"—also for the BONUS AWARD VALUE £2 which senders of this coupon who win a prize in No. 157 are to receive. I enclose my entry for No. 157 and have affixed two 1½d. stamps.

Affix 1½d. Stamp Here

Name.....

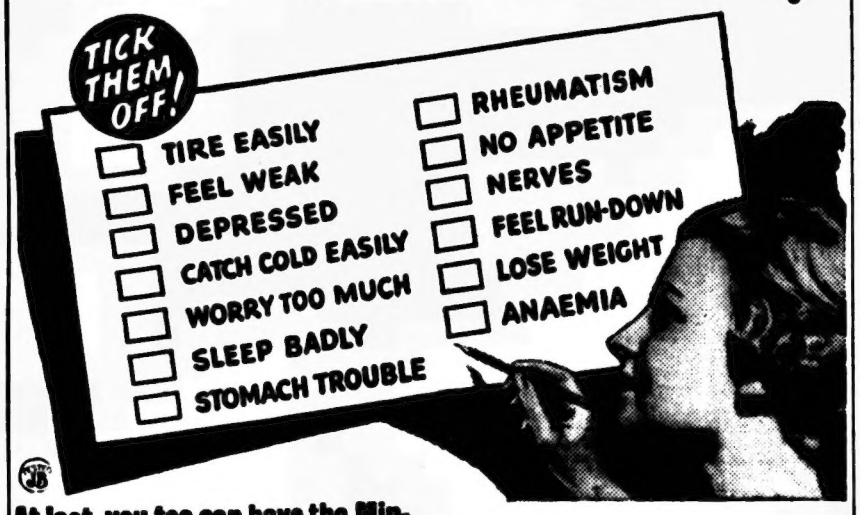
Address.....

.....

If applying for extension you must mark X here. ☐

"RE-FUEL" your GLANDS

if you have these common signs of Mineral-Vitamin Deficiency



At last, you too can have the Minerals and Vitamins which bring you new Health, Vigour, Strength, Calm Nerves, Rich Red Blood.

Swift strides have been made by Medical science in the last 50 years. As a result the average span of life has been increased from 45 to 65 years.

And now in the wake of these discoveries, science reveals its latest, perhaps its greatest... that seven tiny glands control the entire human system and, that the glands can only function properly when fed by minerals and vitamins. These are the substances that act as the fuel which gives you the energy to work, to move, to think. Worry, work, modern living conditions, burn them up too quickly; they must be put back. Otherwise anything can happen.

What this discovery means to YOU!

Up till now only the rich could afford to buy these concentrated minerals and vitamins to bring them back to health. But now a Pacific Ocean plant has been discovered which makes them just as available to you as they were previously to the rich man. "Vikelp" Tablets are a natural concentrate made from this sea plant which is the richest known single source of 9 of the 12 life-giving minerals plus vitamins, especially Vitamin B.

Re-fuel your glands by replacing these minerals and vitamins as soon as you begin to feel low, nervy, depressed, run-down, listless. At once your glandular secretions start to flow normally. You become vigorous, vital, alive. You feel new life surging through your whole being. Every part of your body feels stronger, your nerves calm, your cheeks brighten, your eyes sparkle, you teem with new-found life; you make yourself and others happy.

IF IN DOUBT this is your guarantee — take "Vikelp" Brand Mineral-Vitamin Tablets for 10 days. If you feel that it has not done all that we have told you, merely send back the carton and your money will be refunded. Start "Vikelp" today.

Prices 1/9 Test Size; 3/6 ten-day Guarantee Size; 6/9 Economy Size; 17/6 Hospital Size.

HOW "VIKELP'S" MINERALS & VITAMINS "RE-FUEL" BLOOD AND GLANDS

Its rich supply of	*Corrects*
IODINE	Faulty Metabolism, under or overweight, goitre.
IRON	Anaemia, headaches, weakness.
COPPER	Low Vitality, anaemia.
CALCIUM	Rickets, tooth decay.
PHOSPHORUS	Brain Fag, neurasthenia.
SODIUM	Indigestion, kidney and bladder disorders.
POTASSIUM	Constipation, bad heart.
MAGNESIUM	Nervousness, skin diseases
SULPHUR	Rheumatism, blood and liver disorders.
MANGANESE	General debility.

ALSO THE IMPORTANT VITAMINS, ESPECIALLY VITAMIN B

NOTICE to 'VIKELP' USERS- 'Vikelp' Tablets are now sold in a SMALL CONCENTRATED TASTELESS FORM for SWALLOWING as well as eating tablets YOUR CHEMIST HAS BOTH

2 RELIABLE REMEDIES

They give Prompt Relief and Save Doctor's Bills. Order them NOW!

EAT WHAT YOU LIKE

No More GASTRITIS, ACIDITY and PAIN AFTER EATING

YOU need not suffer a Single Day longer from Mealtime Discomfort. Thousands of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastritis or Gastric Catarrh, Wind Flatulence, Fullness after Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by Shadforth Acidity Tablets (No. 1077). Popularly known as "White Lions." Prices: Trial size **6d.** (24). Other sizes 1/6 (72), 2/6 (144), 7/- (432 Lions).

Ask for "White Lions," and make your mealtime happier! A Trial will convince you that **"WHITE LIONS" are POSITIVELY the World's Greatest Remedy for Acid Indigestion.**

FREE!

BONUS TRIAL OFFER

For a limited period only I will send to readers of "John Bull" TWO Trial Size Packets for the price of one. If after trying one you are not completely satisfied, return the other unopened and your money will be refunded in full. Send **6d.** to-day with this coupon asking for "WHITE LIONS," to

MR. W. SHADFORTH, Ph.C., M.P.S., Mail Order Dept., Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd., (Dept. J.B.75), 40, King William Street, London, E.C.4.

HEART TROUBLE

Prescription That Always Gives Relief.

Don't be alarmed because you suffer from symptoms of palpitation or pain near the heart. It may be indigestion or overstrung nerves. **Shadforth Tonic No. 632** (known as "Blue Lion Fox Nuts") will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart, and tone up stomach and kidneys. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription, and be normal in a few days. This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, tremblings, run-down conditions, and stops that falling-to-pieces feeling. Trial Size 1/- (25). Other sizes 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144).

FREE!

BONUS TRIAL OFFER

For a limited period only I will send readers of "John Bull" TWO 1/- packets for the price of one. If after trying one you are not completely satisfied, return the other unopened and your money will be refunded in full. Send 1/- to-day with this advertisement, asking for "BLUE LION FOX NUTS," to:—

MR. W. SHADFORTH, Ph.C., M.P.S., Mail Order Dept., Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd., (Dept. J.B.75), 40, King William Street, London, E.C.4.

The Human Machine

Why Not Try?

JUST as most of our worries are self-created bogies, so most of our hard labour is of our own contriving. Wholesome and happy living is within the reach of everyone; yet how few achieve it consistently!

Sometimes happy — sometimes miserable; now "full of beans," now down in the dumps; isn't that most people's experience?

Yet it's so unnecessary—for that kind of thing isn't wholesome and happy living. It's just making yourself a nuisance to yourself and everybody else.

We're bound, of course, to have worries every now and again—but they can be faced, thought out, reasoned over and dealt with. We're bound, too, to be happier sometimes than others—but degrees of happiness don't inevitably imply being miserable.

Very few things in the world are inherently capable of making us miserable. Most things only get that power if we give it to them.

Now the secret of wholesome and happy living isn't difficult to acquire. It depends first—and very much first—on doing promptly and thoroughly whatever has to be done at any given moment. If you want to make yourself worried and miserable, keep on putting things off!

Secondly — and very much so— you must balance this work with rest and recreation. And don't forget that this doesn't mean idleness. To do nothing is to indulge in the hardest work ever invented.

For those who know how to mix work and recreation there aren't enough hours in the day to do all they want to do; for the others, there are far too many hours in the day, and particularly weary ones at that.

Wholesome and happy living is really only busy living. If you don't believe it, you can convince yourself the first day you care to try.

Summer-House Murder

(Continued from page 32)

the woods, and back. The General's times, as he stated them, were borne out exactly.

It was proved beyond question that he was about a mile from the summerhouse when the shots were heard by two people, who both fixed the time by small corroborative incidents.

It was absolutely impossible for him to have killed his wife and to have been at places where he was seen by people who knew him.

Moreover, he and his wife were a most devoted couple. They never had a disagreement. Domestic life for them was untroubled.

True, he had a couple of revolvers at home, but they were of larger bore than the weapon with which his wife was killed.

Who murdered Mrs. Luard in that strange place on an August afternoon?

The murder was committed by a wayfarer for the purpose of robbery, said the police.

A tramp did it, they thought, or alternatively an armed burglar, who was in the district to spy out the possibilities of the many large houses.

A detailed description was issued of the missing rings, but they were never traced. Neither was the missing purse.

Scotland Yard was called in to aid the Kent police, but the London men could do little more than re-cover the work of local Superintendent Taylor, an excellent, capable officer.

Then came another tragedy to double the public's interest in the mystery.

General Luard committed suicide. He had left Ightham Knoll, home of distressing memories, and was staying with the brother of the Chief Constable of Kent near Maidstone.

On the morning his son was due to arrive in England from South Africa, he went from his friend's house, and threw himself in front of a railway train.

He left a most pathetic letter in which he said: "I am sorry to have to return your kindness and hospitality in this way, but I am satisfied it is best to join her in the second life at once.

"I thought that my strength was sufficient to bear up against the horrible imputations and terrible letters which I have received since the awful crime was committed which robbed me of my happiness—but somehow in the last day or two something seems to have snapped. The strength has left me, and I care for nothing except to join her again."

There was another note: "I am sick of the scandalous and lying reports, and I cannot face my son, whom I had arranged to meet to-day."

Said Kent's Chief Constable at the inquest on General Luard: "The police have ascertained beyond doubt that there was not the slightest foundation for any of those rumours or accusations made by letter or otherwise."

When the adjourned inquest on Mrs. Luard was completed, the jury's verdict was "Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown."

"Never," said the coroner, "was there a case in which the police had been so much in the dark.

"It was a crime most cunningly conceived and daringly executed, and whoever committed it left no vestige of evidence behind."

From that observation you may gather that the experienced coroner did not accept the tramp or burglar theory.

Personally, I agree, and as a reporter I was investigating the murder from the beginning.

A stranger—a wayfaring tramp or speculative robber could not have possibly known that Mrs. Luard had valuable jewellery with her. Remember she was wearing gloves and the rings were covered.

No stranger would have *risked murder* for doubtful reward in that idyllic spot.

I believe the person who shot Mrs Luard was known to her—someone who could approach close without arousing suspicion.

To my mind she was killed by a woman.

And I also believe that evidence which might have assisted in identifying this murderer was removed and destroyed—wittingly or accidentally—before the police reached the summerhouse.

That is my reading of the Mystery of Summerhouse. Why the strange spot was chosen, I cannot say

What do you consider an Ideal Holiday? A glorious time at the seaside, with all the fun of a popular resort? Happy but quieter days at an old farm-house? Seeing the beauties of Britain on a memorable motoring tour? Or the thrills of a sightseeing visit to London?

As this week's First Prize-winner you will be privileged to choose your Ideal Holiday, as a glorious celebration of capturing a prize income that will last for the rest of your days. A few simple words on a coupon cut from this page are all you need to bring you this magnificent two-in-one *Bullets* prize.

The *Examples* are waiting and you have only a few days in which to win. So start on your efforts promptly, and, on Friday, June 30, a golden Joy Wire may well bring you a Life Pension and the Holiday of Your Dreams.

HOW TO WIN

TO make a prize *Bullet*, simply take an *Example* and make a rough note of any idea it suggests. Then improve this to TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely linked with that particular *Example*.

For instance, against the *Example*, PACKED LIKE SARDINES, you might jot down *So Look Out For Pickpockets*. This you could easily improve to the typical *Bullet*, PACKED LIKE SARDINES—SO MIND YOUR "TIN"!

Before starting on your own efforts, study the leading *Bullets* in our 1,171st Contest on this page. Then make a start, for your entry must be posted on or before Saturday, June 17.

'BULLETS' 1,171 RESULT

FIRST PRIZE, 6-in-1 Wedding Award, or £300 and Motoring Holiday:

C. LANE, 12, Higher Bank Road, Fulwood, Preston, Lancs.

Example: REGRETFULLY
Bullet: COMFORTED BY "TERRIFYING MIGHT."
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE, £25:

F. C. DANWELL, 1, Bertrand Avenue, Blackpool.
Example: Starving Man
Bullet: Shamed Me—Shared Meal.

THIRD PRIZE, £10:

Mr. MORGAN, 46, Station Road, Billingham, Co. Durham.
Example: Without Kicking
Bullet: Pity Germany Can't "Stride."

OTHER PRIZES:

£9: E. H. CARLYON, 73, Lordswood Road, Harborne, Birmingham.
Music In My Ears—"Triangle"—Britain, France, Russia.

£8: C. H. VEAL, 110, Moorland Road, Splott, Cardiff.
If Peace Wins—The Day, Then "Daylight."

£7: D. HENDERSON, 21, Royal Park Terrace, Edinburgh.
Better Place—"Square," Than "Blind Alley."

£6: S. McCAMBLEY, 83, The Mount, Belfast.
Missed The Boat—Because Methods Suited "Ark."

£5: Mrs. M. L. COATES, 19, Leach's Lane, Mancot, Queensferry, Chester.
When Hitler's Finished—Germany "Getting Back" *Containment?*

£4: L. POWELL, 168, Regent Road, Salford.
Youth's Excuse—Mind *You're* Not, Father!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

£3: G. MADOC JONES, Borthwen, The Green, Denbigh, N. Wales.
Starving Man—*Fair World's* Worst "Exhibit."

(*Continued on page 16*)

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

LIFE'S A BATTLE, BUT
LAND OF SMILES
INVINCIBLE
GOLDEN SANDS
IF I WERE A YOUNG MAN
GERMANY'S NEIGHBOURS
NOT WORRYING
WE NEED A HOLIDAY, BUT
SOLDIER'S WIFE
ALL WE'VE GOT
SHOWS HE'S A SPORTSMAN
THE RIGHT SPIRIT
WHEN AUNTIE WENT SAILING
STOLE HER HEART
WHEREVER WE GO
PACKED LIKE SARDINES
GILES CAME TO LONDON AND
CALLED HIS BLUFF
SENSATION AT "SEAVIEW"
SLAMMING THE DOOR

ADDED ATTRACTION: Last six "Examples" in list are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Thus you will find it easy to discover attractive and differing "Examples" to augment those provided.

IF HITLER .....
..... OF INDUSTRY
ANNOYED THE .....
WHENEVER DAD .....
OUT FOR .....
..... MONEY

HAVE YOU READ PAGE 36?

Should you wish to use Advertiser's Coupon on back, or enter more than coupons provided, you may use plain paper.

SAVE MONEY ON ENTRIES

With your *Bullets* entry you may now enclose Crossword entry, with single postal order sufficient to cover both entry-fees, thus saving 2½d. on poundage and postage. Make postal order payable to JOHN BULL, address joint entry envelope "Bullets" No. 1,175 and Crossword No. 157, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking it "B and C" in top left-hand corner. Closing postmark for such joint entry, Saturday, June 17.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
(1,175) | Closing postmark SAT., JUNE 17.

Signed .....
Address .....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
(1,175) | Closing postmark SAT., JUNE 17.

Signed .....
Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
(1,175) | Closing postmark SAT., JUNE 17.

Signed .....
Address .....

YOU CAN POST ENTRY UP TILL LAST COLLECTION, SATURDAY, JUNE 17.

FREE CASE of GROCERIES

STOCK your larder with one of these useful 10-in-1 Bonus Awards. Provided you submit 3 paid (or prize) coupons this week, "John Bull" will present one FREE with your prize of 10s. or over.

EVERY HOME NEEDS ONE!

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,175 usually purchase "John Bull."
The original cheque for £300 won by the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,170 will be displayed in the window of J. Houghton, 16, Queen's Drive, Liverpool, 15.

READ THESE RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

ENTRY FEE You must enclose a postal order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted, payable to "John Bull" and crossed /& Co./. Write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,175, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

FOR THE BLOOD, VEINS, ARTERIES AND HEART

Acts Like Magic!

Elasto

REGISTERED

The Wonder Tablet

Take it—and Stop Limping!

EVERY sufferer should test this wonderful new Biomedical remedy which brings quick relief from pain and weariness and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and arousing to full activity the inherent healing power of the body. No ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of Elasto. Varicose veins are restored to a healthy condition, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds (bad-leg) *heal naturally and the cure is lasting*, piles vanish and rheumatism, in all its forms, is literally swept out of the system. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Read What Users of Elasto Say:

"*Varicose Veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging.*"

"*Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me.*"

"*Suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me.*"

"*After being indoors for 18 months, I can now walk quite well. My heart is stronger and all the pain has left my legs.*"

"*My Doctor marvelled at my quick recovery from Phlebitis.*"

"*The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone, and I can do a full day's work keeping on my legs all day.*"

"*My skin is as soft as velvet, thanks to Elasto.*"

"*Thrombosis gone, legs better, and less swelling.*"

"*It is wonderful to be free from that terrible pain and to be able to walk upstairs without getting short of breath.*"

"*For seven years my leg had been running from four varicose ulcers, and I cannot describe the pain I suffered. Now they have all healed and my general health has greatly improved due to the wonderful qualities of Elasto.*"

"*My piles are gone; my legs are better and I feel better in my general health.*" *Etc.*

THESE extracts are taken from letters received from grateful people who KNOW, who have tested and proved for themselves the extraordinary health-restoring powers of ELASTO, the wonderful new Biomedical remedy. We guarantee the authenticity of every extract quoted.

Everybody is asking—What is Elasto?

THIS question is fully answered in an interesting Booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing new method of *curing through the blood.* Your copy is Free, together with a generous Free Sample, see coupon below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which *must* be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation, *without which there can be no true healing!* The health of every organ and tissue of the body depends upon healthy cellular activity, and to ensure this, vigorously circulating, oxygen-rich blood is absolutely essential. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

Stagnation Means Decay!

SOME of the most painful and distressing ailments that afflict mankind are the direct result of poor or sluggish circulation of the blood. Take, for example, that very common disability, varicose veins. Here we have one of the physical consequences of cell-starvation, a weakening of the vein walls and of the surrounding tissues due to an impoverished blood supply brought about by a stagnating blood stream, or, in other words, bad circulation. In all diseased conditions, no matter what the ailment may be, the blood stream is at fault, and no treatment can give lasting results if this all-important fact is overlooked. Keep the blood free-running like a deep, fast-flowing river, enrich it with the necessary elements for cell building and for the removal of toxic waste materials, and health MUST result. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

FREE

A Generous Sample of this Wonder Remedy

Fill In This Coupon

for a Free Sample and a Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the new Biomedical Remedy. These, with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, WHILE YOU THINK OF IT, AND SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT A WONDERFUL DIFFERENCE ELASTO MAKES!!

This offer is too good to be missed! ★

ELASTO (DEPT. 15.D), CECIL HOUSE, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

(Issued by The New Era Treatment Co. Ltd.)

JOHN BULL COUPON

for Free Trial Sample of Elasto ★

ELASTO (Dept. 15.D), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet, "The Story of Elasto," fully explaining how Elasto, The Great Blood Revitaliser, cures through the blood.

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

.....

J.B. No. 10639.

Elasto will save you pounds!

J.B.I.75 62★

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B179 A340